

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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Vol. VIII

SEPTEMBER 1901

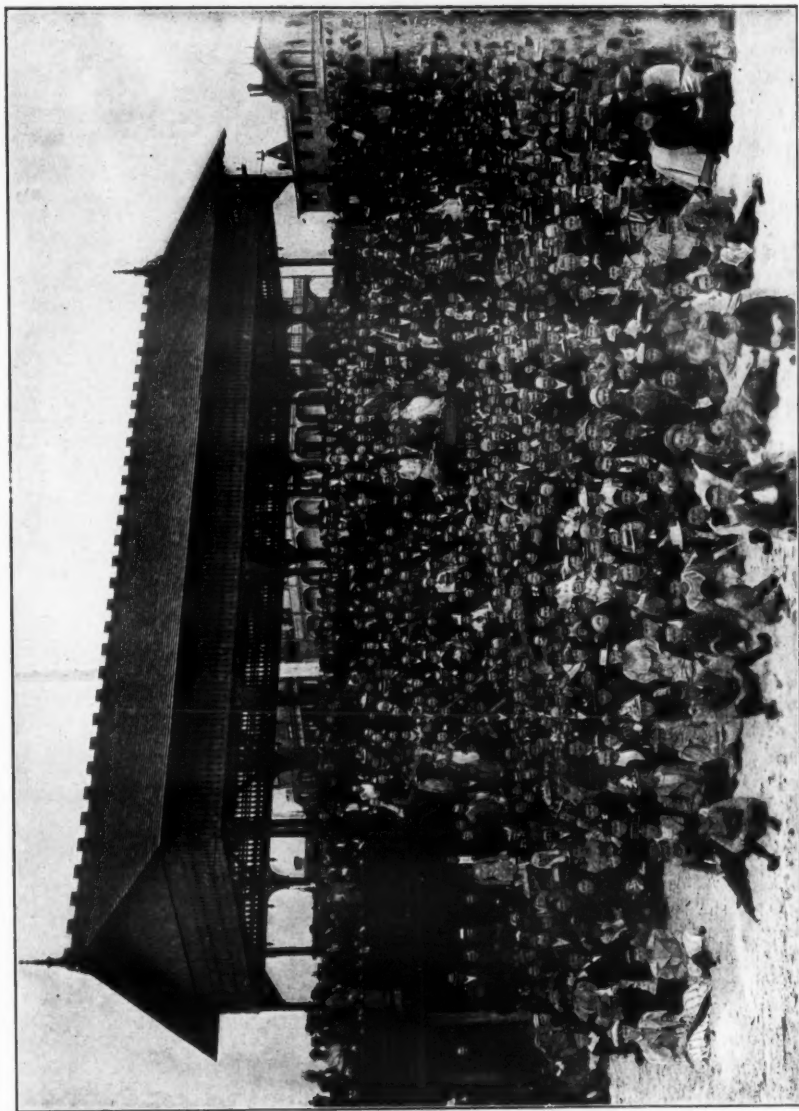
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The Beach Service of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association.

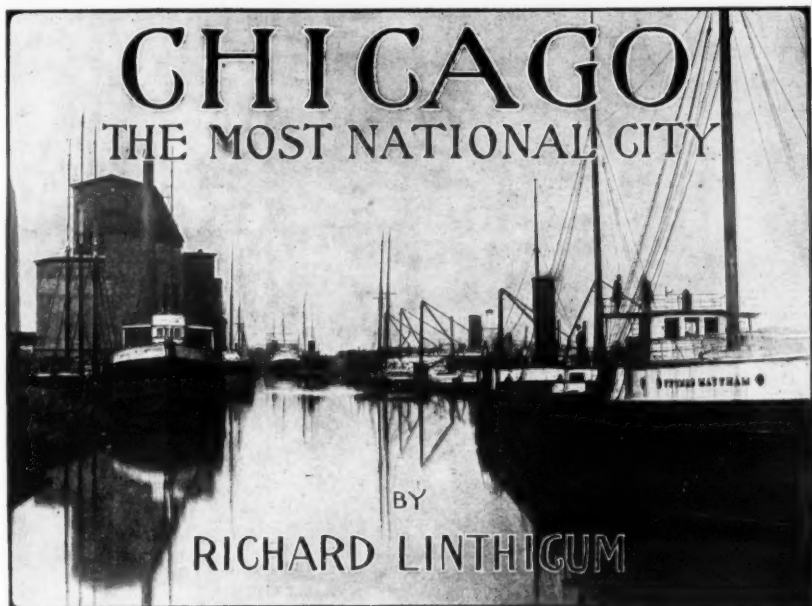
—“The Biggest Camp Meeting in the World.”—p. 118.

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A View of the Chicago River, Showing Shadows in the Water; a Novelty Caused by the Opening of the Drainage Canal.

CHICAGO'S feet are in the mud, but her head is among the stars. Physically dirty, she aspires to be beautiful; commercially greedy, she spends half of her tax income for education; tainted to the core with civic dishonesty, her ambition is fixed upon ideal municipal government.

Her position among the sisterhood of great American cities has always been unique. Her growth and progress have been characterized by restless energy, by bold, daring, audacious commercial activity, by an ambition not over-scrupulous and a disregard of amenities that prevail in older and more cultured communities. These were but the reflections of early environment—a Western civilization, crude, courageous, industrious and determined.

You have but to observe a crowded street in New York and one in Chicago to be im-

pressed by the striking contrast in the general appearance of the people of the two cities. The New York crowd is more homogeneous, more debonair, better groomed, better dressed and altogether suggestive of a higher social development than the Chicago crowd. The latter is heterogeneous but more earnest, and with more unity of purpose. It hurries, pushes, scrambles. Instead of the idling and pleasure-seeking aspect of the New York crowd there is seriousness and fixity of purpose. These people are not only going somewhere, but they are going somewhere to *do* something.

There is more home life to be found in Chicago than in the average large city. In strictly urban communities the day's work, as a rule, is the prelude to the evening's amusement and entertainment. The urbanites in fresh attire are seen on the prome-

nades, at the clubs and theatres, or participating in the many social diversifications. The average Chicagoan, at the end of his day's work, is a home-going, home-staying body, who finds his greatest enjoyment in

evil is directly traceable to inadequate revenues resulting from unequal taxation and civic dishonesty on the part of large taxpayers.

There is no lack of civic pride in Chicago's rich men. They are fairly bursting with it, but it is not strong enough to induce many of them to make an honest return of their property to the assessors. This is the common complaint of almost every community, but it is doubtful if any other can furnish such flagrant instances of dishonesty in taxation or such deplorable results therefrom.

If you ask the patriotic Chicagoan about the growth of the city since the great fire, thirty years ago, he will swell up and tell you that it is without parallel in the history of the world. He will point to the thousands of magnificent buildings erected, to the phenomenal growth of its manufacture and commerce, and its wonderful increase in property values. He can convince you by statements of facts that the city has grown twenty-fold.

If you go to the official records of assessments to ascertain the exact figures of this wonderful growth, these are the figures you will find:

YEAR.	TOTAL ASSESSED VALUATION.	REVENUE.
1873.....	\$312,072,995	\$ 5,617,313
1900.....	276,565,880	12,242,268

For assessment purposes the value of Chicago property is \$35,507,115 less than it was twenty-seven years ago.*

From the revenue for 1900 must be deducted \$6,903,939 for public schools, \$203,830 for library, and \$1,149,103 for interest and sinking fund, leaving a net revenue from general taxation for city purposes of

*NOTE.—These figures, and all other statistics in this article are taken from the official reports of chiefs of departments and from the official bulletin of statistics issued by the city.



Marshall Field.

the companionship of his family and friends, in reading, study and thinking. His rural habits are the logical sequence of rural lineage.

The city itself, for the greater part, is but a consolidation of numerous villages and towns. Not only were these various communities united in a greater Chicago, but their various local governments were brought into the consolidation and are yet maintained—useless and expensive encumbrances in the complex municipal government.

The chief objection to the petty town systems is their tax-consuming power, for the question of revenue is the vital question in Chicago, and almost every municipal ill and

\$3,985,396, or less than it was two years after the great fire, when the school system made only a light demand upon the city revenue.

These figures, it is true, represent but one-fifth of the supposed actual valuation, which is the basis for the tax levy, but that fact does not lessen their farcical character.

It requires no expert to see that by this system the heaviest taxation falls upon the small property owners, whose property, if proportionately diminished in value with that of the large property owner and then assessed at one-fifth, would vanish altogether. Hence it is apparent that if the small taxpayer actually pays on one-fifth the value of his property the large property

holder pays on about one-twentieth valuation—and that is the actual condition.

The utter inadequacy of Chicago's assessed valuation and the revenue derived therefrom is most apparent by comparisons with other cities. The figures are as follows:

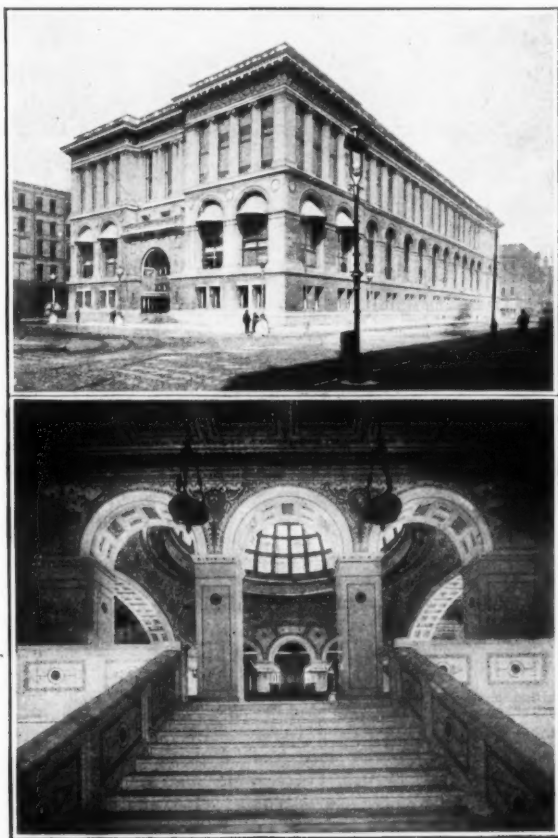
	CHICAGO.	NEW YORK.
Assessed Valuation.....	\$276,565,880	\$3,478,252,029
Revenue from same.....	12,242,268	76,178,034
	PHILADELPHIA.	BOSTON.
Assessed Valuation.....	\$958,601,955	\$1,155,647,252
Revenue from same.....	14,484,723	14,140,058

Thus greater New York, with only double the population of Chicago, has six times more revenue from general taxation; Philadelphia, with a half million less population, has two millions more revenue, and Boston has about the same revenue from general

taxation as Philadelphia, although it has only a third the population of Chicago. Of city revenues from all sources, New York has five times as much, and Philadelphia and Boston nearly twice as much as Chicago.

Until very recent years the Chicago tax-dodger doubtless felt in some degree justified by the fact that a large part of the city's revenue was practically stolen under the corrupt spoils system of politics which dominated municipal affairs, but that system no longer exists. At least, it has been greatly modified by the installation of Civil Service rules to govern all municipal employees, by a decided improvement in the personnel of a majority of the city council, and by the election for three successive terms of a mayor who has many times given proof that he is beyond the influence of corporate or individual wealth.

A new revenue law passed by a recent legislature which changed the method of assessment has not resulted in any increased valuation of large



Chicago Public Library. Exterior and Entrance Hall.

property interests. Previous to the enactment of the new revenue law the assessment was made by individual assessors. Now it is made by a board of assessors, whose work is revised by a board of review.

and the annual tax on this would amount to about \$5,000,000, of which \$1,175,000 belongs to the school fund, a fund which, although large, is insufficient for the actual needs of the Board of Education. The omission of these corporations

from the assessment rolls was not discovered by any city official or any large taxpayer, but by two women school teachers. Unaided and alone, they brought suit to recover the taxes, and although opposed by the best legal talent in the state, they secured a decision from an honest judge in their favor. No action has yet been taken against the derelict officials whose sworn duty it was to make the assessments.

The criminal results of tax-dodging on the part of huge corporations and large property owners can be seen in their most serious aspect by a comparison with conditions in the large cities previously referred to.

Chicago has nearly twice as many miles of streets and alleys as New York—or, to be exact, Chicago has 4,152 miles and New York 2,507 miles. For street repairs last year New York expended \$2,591,344, and Chicago \$156,044 or about one-sixteenth as much as New York.

The comparison with Philadelphia is more striking still.

With three times as many miles of streets and alleys as Philadelphia this city spent less than one-twentieth as much for repairs as the Quaker City and only one-sixth as much as Boston, although Boston has less than 500 miles of streets and alleys, while Chicago has more than 4,000.

A comparison of the amounts expended for street cleaning and garbage disposal last year is equally odious to Chicago:

CHICAGO.	NEW YORK.	PHILADELPHIA.	BOSTON.
\$851,877	\$5,031,282	961,209	\$949,411



Harrison photo.

The Reverend Frank W. Gunsaulus.

Spiritual guide of the late Philip D. Armour. In charge of the Armour Institute and Pastor of "The Millionaires' Church."

The old system of assessment with its bribery and corrupt practices is gone, but large property owners do not pay any more taxes, nor has the assessed valuation of Chicago property increased, except in individual instances where the amount involved is small.

The law requires that corporations shall pay taxes on their capital stock. It was recently discovered that a number of the largest corporations in the city had been omitted from the assessment rolls. Their combined capital amounts to \$235,000,000,

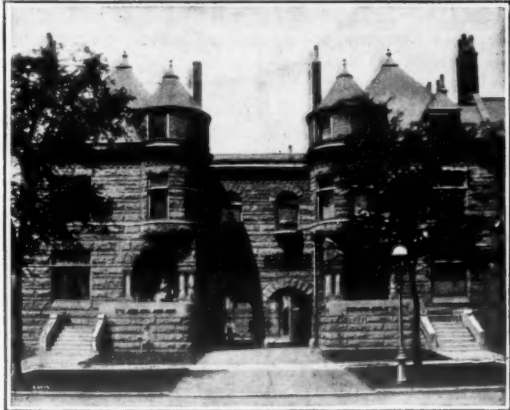
In all, Chicago expends about a million dollars annually on its streets and garbage disposal; New York seven and a half millions, Philadelphia more than four millions, and Boston about two millions.

There is no mystery connected with the cause of Chicago's dirty streets. They are dirty because the city doesn't clean them, and the city doesn't clean them because it lacks sufficient funds, and the lack of funds is due to the evasion of taxation by those who have the greatest financial interests in the city's growth and progress.

The lack of revenue is seriously felt in the suppression and punishment of crime and the control of vice.

Police statistics do not justify the general belief that Chicago is a wonderfully wicked and criminal city. That belief has been created by the enormity and peculiarly atrocious character of some criminal happenings, like the Haymarket Anarchist Riot, the Cronin Murder, the assassination of Carter Harrison, the elder, the riots and incendiarism growing out of the great railroad strike of 1894, rather than by the number of crimes committed. The lower order of the European population of the city is also responsible for crimes of a particularly hideous nature, of which the famous Leutgert case is an instance. By reason of its size, geographical location and polyglot population, Chicago necessarily attracts criminal classes. The lawless element knows even better than the law-abiding citizen that Chicago's police force is inadequate to the needs of such a great area. New York, with only half as many miles of streets and alleys as Chicago, has three times as many policemen walking beat.

In other words, there are six thousand men in New York



House of Gen. Charles FitzSimons, Ashland Boulevard.

House of W. W. Kimball, Prairie Avenue.

House of H. H. Higinbotham, Michigan Avenue.

to guard one-half the territory that two thousand men patrol in Chicago, yet the latter city has managed to deal effectively with professional criminals by maintaining a detective force nearly as large as that of New York, and by putting the crime and vice infested districts in charge of the best and most experienced inspectors.

Some of the outlying districts are poorly lighted and the lack of light is an incentive and aid to crime and an obstacle to detection. Inspector John D. Shea, in charge of the West Division, the largest in the city, who has been on the police force more than a quarter of a century, and who has inspected all the police systems in this country and many in Europe, once said to me:

"A lamp-post is as good as a policeman, particularly in the suburbs. A criminal is afraid of a light."

As the city is without a municipal light plant, and the city lighting is in the hands of a monopoly, it is a difficult matter to arrange economically even for light in the most populous sections, and with inadequate revenue it is an impossibility to supply either the lamp-posts or the policemen in sparsely settled districts.

Notwithstanding the reputation Chicago has acquired as a theatre of criminal acts, its present police force is as efficient as could be desired, considering its size and the immense territory it controls. It is rapidly taking rank in this respect with the fire department. There has been a continuous improvement since the department was put under Civil Service five years ago.

It is a fact that the possessors of large wealth in Chicago not only do not contribute their rightful proportion of the city's revenue, but that they deprive the city of some of the revenue it collects. For instance, the funds of the city are controlled by the local banks. The circumstances by which the banks gained control of the city finances date back to 1873. In that year David A. Gage, city treasurer, defaulted in the sum of a half million dollars, whereupon at the instigation of the banks the bond of the city

treasurer of Chicago was fixed at \$22,500,000. Only one treasurer has been able to furnish this unprecedented security without

the aid of the banks. He defied them, and, by importuning every friend and acquaintance he had in the city, succeeded in obtaining the bond and qualifying as treasurer. All the other treasurers have obtained their bonds from the banks, which say how the funds shall be divided between them. The treasurer receives no salary from the city. His emolument is sixty per cent. of the interest on public funds. How much of this interest the banks allow him for his services is a matter



Jane Addams.
Founder of Hull Home.

known only to himself and the banks.

Thus one of the most important municipal officials is simply an agent of the banks, and the interest on public moneys which in the best regulated communities goes into the public treasury, in this instance goes into vaults of the bankers—minus what they pay the city treasurer. At no time does the city treasurer of Chicago have in his possession more than five millions of dollars, yet he is compelled to give a bond of \$22,500,000, which he can only obtain from the banks. The Treasurer of the United States, who is the custodian of hundreds of millions of dollars, is required to furnish a bond in the sum of only \$150,000.

In the early days of its history, Chicago developed many giants of commerce, industry and mercantile trade. Now she breeds them, and there is no likelihood that the breed will die out, for all existing conditions favor their propagation. Here is the natural market for the product of the graineries of the United States—the natural market for the wheat and cattle that are carried abroad, as Mr. Kipling has it, "lest street bred people die." Here, then, is the natural center of transportation lines, the outlet of commerce. Of the 187,000 miles of railroad in operation in the United States, 122,536 center at Chicago, and more vessels enter and clear from this city than New York. An effort is being made to add to these unparalleled transportation facilities a waterway

to the Gulf. The Sanitary Ship Canal, recently constructed at a cost of \$34,000,000, covers thirty-four miles of the distance between Chicago and St. Louis, and the Mississippi River traverses forty-two miles from St. Louis to the mouth of the Illinois River. The Desplaines and Illinois Rivers would furnish the connecting links. If this great project should meet with favor from the general government, Chicago would have direct water communication with Cuba and our newly-acquired possession, Porto Rico, as well as with all Gulf ports.

In the meantime the experiment of shipping grain direct to Europe via the lakes and the St. Lawrence River is being made. Chicago became a European port in April last when the first vessel of the grain fleet that is to ply between this city and Liverpool left the Chicago River for her European destination.

Under such industrial and commercial conditions giants of industry and commerce would seem to be as natural products as wheat and hogs. But the Chicago giants do not always confine themselves to the actual handling of the products. Only one-sixth of the wheat crop of the United States is actually handled in Chicago, but the entire wheat crop is bought and sold several times over every year in that maelstrom of speculation known as the Chicago Board of Trade. No other city in the world disputes Chicago's supremacy in this respect, and New York, Liverpool and Calcutta wait for Chicago prices. These prices are more frequently the result of speculation than of normal conditions, and the grain markets of the old world rise and fall accordingly as the industrial bulls or bears are successful.

It was only three years ago that one of the young Napoleons of the wheat pit sent prices soaring all over the world in an attempt to corner the wheat market. While young Joe Leiter stood in the wheat pit of the Chicago Board of Trade and sent the price of wheat toward the dollar mark, his brother-in-law, the Viceroy of India, sat in his local capital and read in his local paper the constantly rising quotations in Calcutta.

A commercial reporter told me that when Leiter seemingly had the market at full command and all the fight taken out of the bears, he was seen to leave his office occasionally to take a drink—a most natural thing for a man to do under a severe nervous strain when the system most craves stimulants. It was well known, however, that it was Leiter's custom, if not his rule, not to

take a drink during business hours, so the bears argued that if "Joe" went out to get a drink he must be worried, and uncertain of his grip on the market. Accordingly the bears took heart and renewed the fight. In the meantime it was said that the chief "short," P. D. Armour, was bringing wheat into Chicago by the trainload and boatload, and some facetious individuals averred he was even utilizing Pullman sleeping cars for that purpose. However that may be he broke the market. It is a saying among the brokers that anybody can run a "corner," but the trouble is "to bury the corpse." Leiter was caught with the corpse in his possession. Armour became his executor, buried the corpse for him and settled the funeral expenses for Joe's father for about four and a half millions of dollars.

During his life Philip D. Armour was probably the most typical of all Chicago's great captains of industry. He was the leader in the great enterprises to utilize the by-products of the packing houses until now they equal in value the chief meat products. A newspaper friend of mine called upon the great packer in his office one day to get an interview upon a subject Mr. Armour was not willing to discuss. In reply to the newspaper man's leading questions Mr. Armour explained to him a new method of making sausages. He invited the interviewer into a back room, where a number of covered dishes were arranged upon a table. Removing a napkin from one, he revealed a platter of the new sausages, and pointing to them, inquired, "Ain't they just beautiful?"

And this little incident, trifling though it was, gives a better insight into the character of the leader of the packing industry than columns of analysis could give. His question and his expression of countenance revealed the secret of his success. Those sausages *were* beautiful to him—more beautiful than a Sargent portrait, better worth looking at than a rare Turner. His heart and mind were in his business. He enjoyed it; took a pride in it; concentrated his great natural abilities upon one thing, and the result was not only individual success, but a general expansion of the packing industry until it reached gigantic proportions and such perfection that, as Mr. Armour put it, they saved everything there was of a hog *except the squeal*.

His knowledge of his own business gave him a wonderful information concerning food products generally, and when his agents went into the wheat pit or the provision

market, it usually meant a Waterloo for some of the young Napoleons. His biggest deal, probably, was when John Cudahy undertook to corner provisions, or specifically, "ribs," in 1895. Armour's wagons were all painted yellow, an offensive color to your true Celt, and it is reported that at the beginning of the deal, Cudahy remarked upon seeing one of the yellow wagons: "Before I get through with Armour I'll make him paint his wagons green."

The details of that bitter fight are much the same as those of all great speculative battles, except that when Cudahy and his associate

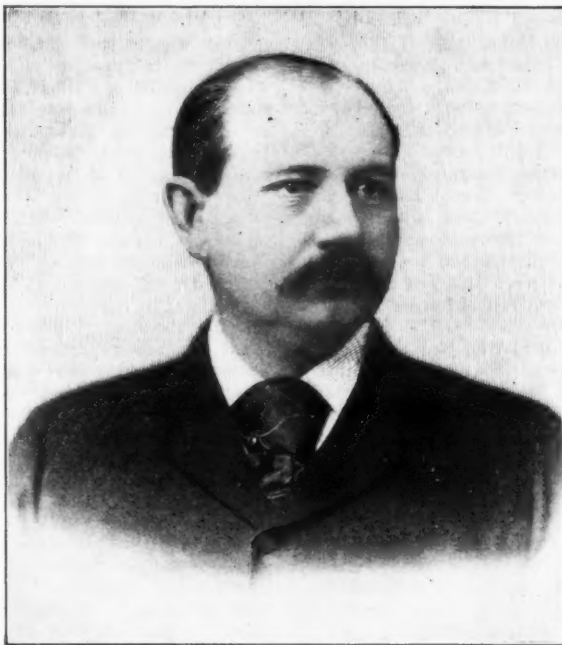
in the fight, N. K. Fairbank, went upon the street with \$800,000 of gilt-edged securities no banks were lending money, and they were forced to surrender to the Provision King. Cudahy, it is said, lost five millions of dollars, went "broke," and was compelled to give notes for a portion of his indebtedness. This he has since liquidated and is once more a foeman worthy of any man's steel.

Armour is dead. In the southern division of the city stands his monument. He built it himself before he died—the Armour Institute, a polytechnic school for boys in charge of the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, the spiritual guide and teacher of the living Armour.

Dr. Gunsaulus is one of the two eminent divines that succeeded to the pulpit of the late David Swing. Dr. Swing revolted against Church dogma and established the Central Church. The congregation was

largely made up of millionaires. In fact, it came to be known among the irreverent as the "Millionaires' Church." Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, now of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, succeeded Dr. Swing, and was in

turn succeeded by Dr. Gunsaulus. The theology of the "Millionaires' Church" is peculiar. It seems to consist of a poetically eloquent apology for the existence of Dives. Its management is even more exclusive than its name indicates—for millionaires are becoming common in Chicago. I once attempted to get a list of its membership for the



Root photo.

John Cudahy.

purpose of learning the wealth of the congregation and publishing the amount. The list was refused me unless I would state for what purpose I wished it. When I stated my purpose I received a final refusal. I have never heard any of the eloquent divines that have preached in the Millionaires' Church, but occasionally I have read a copyrighted sermon by one of them, and it raised before my eyes a vision of a kind-hearted man standing on the banks of a stream reading to a drowning man a poem on "Hope."

Another Chicago multi-millionaire has built himself an ante-mortem monument in the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago, which has for a nucleus many of the choice exhibits of the World's Fair, and is constantly receiving additions through purchase and exploration.

Marshall Field is the Prince of Merchant princes. Unquestionably he is the richest

man in Chicago. His enormous wealth cannot be correctly estimated because it has been invested in such a variety of enterprises. It is believed that at least twenty-five millions of dollars have been invested by him in English manufacturing establishments alone. He is the man to whom we pay \$3 for a lower berth when we ride in a Pullman car, and in many of the great industrial and manufacturing enterprises of Chicago he is the guiding and controlling spirit. If the story of his life could be written in detail, dealing successively, step by step, with his wonderful rise in the mercantile world, it would constitute one of the most interesting of all American biographies. He is the marvel of marvelous American business life and his story would be a lesson to the business community of the world. But Mr. Field is not a communicative man. He is easy of access if one has business with him, but unless he has changed his mind recently, his biography

as a merchant prince will never be written.

He is one of the few great multi-millionaires who has done nothing to arouse an antagonistic feeling against himself in the community in which he lives. On the contrary, he inspires admiration, although his name is associated with no great public philanthropy except the museum, to which he gave a million dollars. While this is a princely sum,

it sinks by comparison with the seven or more millions that John D. Rockefeller has given to the University of Chicago, and Andrew Carnegie's gifts of libraries to New York and his native town in Scotland. An explanation of the difference in amounts might be found in the accepted belief that Mr. Field is at peace with his conscience, having accumulated his enormous wealth by legitimate business methods and through legitimate business opportunities, out of the recollection of which there comes no widow's wail, no orphan's cry.



Chicago's Highest Building.

There is every reason to believe that if the University of Chicago had been endowed by some other philanthropist than Mr. Rockefeller, this community would have been more grateful for the establishment of such a great university in its limits, for Chicago is liberal and progressive in educational affairs. Based on population, Chicago spends more money on public education than any city in the United States—more than one-half of the city's revenue.

Chicago is liberal in providing for the enlightenment of its adult population, as well as for the education of the rising generation. The most palatial, sumptuous and artistic of all the municipal buildings is the Chicago Public Library. The library building occupies a rectangle facing the lake near the principal business section of the city. In this magnificent temple of collective wisdom are 270,000 volumes, with an annual home circulation of 1,749,775. About sixty-five per cent. of this circulation is at twenty-five delivery stations located with geographical impartiality in the three main divisions of the city. About 10,000 volumes are added each year. The total annual expenditure for maintenance is, taking the figures for 1900, \$236,768.38, the largest amount expended by any American public library. If the circulation of the periodicals be added to that of the books, it would make the total more than two millions and a half, which is the largest circulation of any American public library.

Two other great Chicago libraries are the Newberry in the North Division, in charge of John Vance Cheney, the poet, and the Crerar, which occupies a temporary home in the business section. The former is an imposing structure facing a small park, and is devoted to general literature, history, philosophy, theology and part of the fine arts; the latter confines itself exclusively to science and the useful arts. The Newberry has 229,000 volumes and the Crerar 67,000.

It is because Chicago is a city of free-thinking people, because the intelligent masses have preserved in a large degree that freedom and independence of character conspicuous in the founders of the Great West, that this community displays so much radicalism of thought and action, and preserves its national character. It is a city in which a man is not afraid to advocate feudalism, state socialism or anarchy. The leaders of the most radical element, with all their bitter denunciation and hatred of

the rich, have done much to change the word anarchist from a violent epithet to a term of respectability. It has only been a few years since Chicago hanged a number of anarchists. A few months ago its citizens of wealth and social pretensions opened their doors to welcome the most distinguished anarchist of Europe—Prince Kropotkin.

That Chicago is the chief theatre of discontent with many existing political and social conditions is true, and it is equally certain that she will play a leading part in the changes that may take place in our system of political and social economy, but the thought of the community is being further and further removed from paths of violence and directed toward a scientific solution of the perplexing problems. One of these problems now confronts the people.

In 1903 all the franchises of the surface lines of transportation in Chicago will expire. Three years ago a desperate effort was made by the street car companies to renew these franchises for fifty years. The agents of the corporations found the state legislature a willing tool, but when they undertook to pass their franchise ordinances in the City Council they met with the determined opposition of one man who was strong enough to defeat them. That man was Carter Henry Harrison.

Charles T. Yerkes, who is now building transportation lines for the Londoners, was then the head of the street railway corporations. His power with the City Council had never been disputed, and he was supposed to be omnipotent in all his undertakings. But Carter Harrison had pledged the people to defend their interests against the street railway king, and Yerkes found that the Mayor's influence with the Council outweighed any "argument" he could produce. The franchise forces tried to catch the Mayor off his guard; they tried to induce him to leave town so that a special meeting of the Council might be called and the franchises passed in his absence. But the Mayor remained in the city on guard, and there never was a moment that he surrendered his mastery. At Council meetings his gavel was always raised to adjourn the session at the slightest intimation of an attempt to introduce a fifty-year franchise.

The supreme test is coming for Mayor Harrison. The street railway companies are preparing to secure a renewal of their franchises. They no longer talk of fifty-year franchises. They will be satisfied with twenty

years. A few people favor the granting of twenty-year franchises—others would restrict them to ten years. The radical element is opposed to a franchise for any term of years and demands municipal ownership of the street railway lines. All people who constitute this element are political supporters of the Mayor.

Chicago has its extremes of character—the multimillionaire on one side, the pauper and anarchist on the other, but between the two it has a large population of intelligent, patriotic thinking men and women, many of whom are prominently known in connection with the world's best thought and action.

Though the streets are dirty, the three great sections of the city, with the Chicago River as the dividing mark, are connected by wide, clean and beautified boulevards that rival those of æsthetic Paris. At the great Art Institute on the lake front there is an annual average scholarship of 1,200.

The once foul and ill-smelling Chicago River is now as clear as the sparkling green waters of the lake. Its shores can never be made as sightly as the Thames embankment, because it is the city's internal commercial highway. If the commerce of the Chicago River were transferred to the streets, it would block every business street and avenue with traffic trucks, but its appearance can be, and doubtless will be, improved.

Aside from the Levee, Chicago has no slums. The sections inhabited by the poorest

classes can no longer be considered slums. Noble men and women led by Jane Addams, with Hull House, her improvement on Toynbee Hall, have established social settlements there with marvelous results. The

pot-house politician and ward-heeler have lost their supremacy in local politics because they have no more appointments at their disposal.

Among the population there is as much ceaseless activity in the field of thought as there is in the manifold branches of commerce. Thousands of men in Chicago are growing rich, but

more thousands are growing wiser.

Chicago is already the center of the nation's most typical life. The United States is the chief commercial nation of the world, and Chicago is the chief commercial city of the United States. It is to the United States that the world must look for social and economic reforms, for industrial progress and mechanical invention, for ideal government. The history of the United States has been written by New Englanders and Southerners—hence it has been respectively a record of New England expansion and a protest against Southern abasement. The history of the latter part of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth will show that the center of America's best thought and greatest accomplishment has been transferred to the West—with Chicago, not only the real "zenith city of the unsalted seas," but the characteristically national city of America.



The New Lift Bridge Over the Chicago River.

THE REPUBLIC'S SEAL

BY RAFAEL SABATINI

CITIZEN BRUTUS DEMAGNY, Mayor of Honfleur, sat blaspheming by a God and a legion of saints in whom, politically, he did not believe.

His tricolor sash of office, his ostentatiously displayed tricolor cockade, his ultrarepublican untidiness, and the assumed name of Brutus, all testified to his patriotism and revolutionary principles. And, indeed, than this Mayor of Honfleur the Convention had no more diligent servant. Body and soul had he devoted to the French Republic, One and Indivisible, and to the apostleship of the sublime religion of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—or Death.

Yet, despite all this he had permitted his heart so far to break the gospel of freedom by which he lived, as to enslave him to the witchery of a pair of blue eyes—the property of a little chit of a girl who disdained him.

He had borne her contempt for a while in silence, fortified by a sublime vanity that whispered that presently she would come to her senses, and realize how fine a fellow he was, and how great would be the honor of becoming the wife of one who stood so high already in the opinion of the great ones of the Convention.

In this conceit he had pursued his wooing, serene and confident of the issue, and persuading himself that her coldness was no more than one of those artifices wherewith it is the way of woman to mask the true promptings of her heart.

But of a sudden the veil was rent for him, and he saw how great had been his error. Jeanneton was become the promised wife of one André Deshayes, a captain in Dumouriez's army. With black rage in his soul had Brutus heard the news that morning from Citizen Guilbaut—her father—and because of it he sat blaspheming in his whitewashed room.

He bethought him of the leer which had accompanied Guilbaut's information, and he set his evil, cunning mind to work to find a way in which he might repay the Citizen Guilbaut for that leer, and Jeanneton for her indifference.

Rumors, heard a while ago, that Athanase

Guilbaut was in communication with the proscribed *ci-devants* in England, and which at the time—seeing that they were dangerous to the man he had chosen for his father-in-law—he had both suppressed and disregarded, now occurred to him again. What if a grain of truth lurked in them? *Pardieu!* *Sainte Guillotine* would do his work of vengeance nobly for him!

No sooner was the thought conceived than he roused himself and called Villette, a ruffianly *sans-culotte* who was at once his official—the euphemism which the laws of equality substituted for the word “servant”—and his spy.

Villette eyed him furtively from under his busy brows, as, obeying him, he closed the door. He was a heavily-built young man, coarsely dressed as became the official of such a patriot, and owning a singularly unpleasant and unclean countenance.

Citizen Brutus took up his position in the center of the floor, and with his beady eyes fixed upon his satellite.

“You recall a rumor that was current a month ago,” he inquired, “touching the Citizen Athanase Guilbaut?”

“That he was in correspondence with the aristocrats in England?”

“Precisely. The report has again reached me, this time from a source that makes me think it may not be without foundation.”

“Foundation!” echoed Villette. “Did I not assure you at the time that every word of the rumor was true? If proofs are needed —”

“Proofs!” was the excited interruption. “Are there proofs, man?”

“A boxful. I had it from Citizen Guilbaut's official, my cousin Rodenard, that in an alcove which is always kept locked, Guilbaut has a store of treasonable papers that would suffice to guillotine the half of Honfleur.”

“You can answer for it that your cousin has made no mistake?”

“Mistake? You do not know Rodenard, Citizen Mayor.”

“Hum. If he is as able a person at a keyhole as you are, Villette, his information should be reliable.”

The official's coarse lips shaped a smile at this piece of flattery.

"I must talk to this Rodenard myself," said Demagny.

"I will bring him to you this evening."

"Do so. You may go."

"There are two soldiers below," Villette announced, as he shuffled off toward the door. "They are passing through Honfleur and proposed to lie here until tomorrow. Their papers are correct. They have come to the Mayor for their *billets de logement*."

"Very well. Desire Barret to supply them," replied the Mayor, his mind too full of another matter to give much thought to them just now. A moment later he was struck with an idea. "Villette," he said, "tell Barret to billet them both upon the Citizen Guilbaut. It may serve the interests of the Republic." He little guessed how this piece of spite was to prove his own undoing.

Had Villette been a servant, he would have bowed and withdrawn in silence; being an official, he winked as he closed the door, and went downstairs whistling the *Marseillaise*.

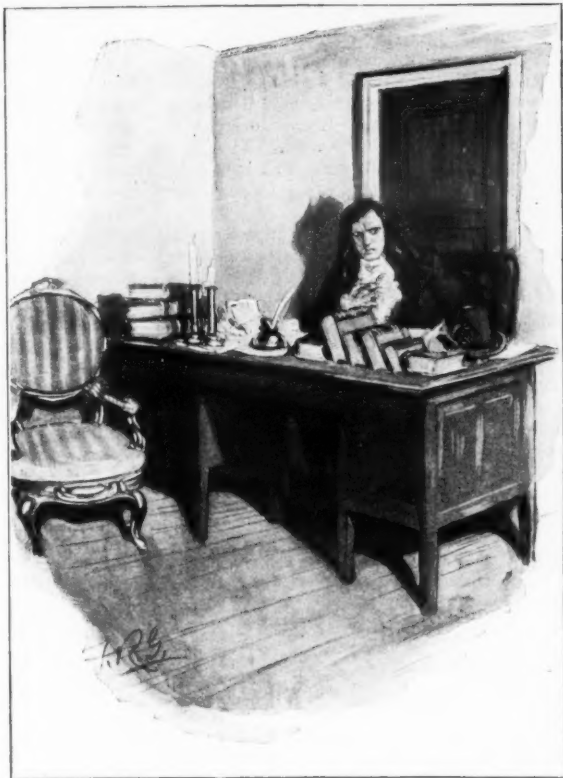
In the room on the ground floor where the business of the Mayor was transacted he found the two soldiers awaiting that quarters should be allotted to them.

Both were dressed in the Republic's blue coat, white nankeens and black gaiters; but whereas one of them—a huge fellow whose frame and stature proclaimed prodigious strength—was laden with a knapsack and leaned stolidly upon a musket, the other—who was younger, of comely and pleasing countenance—wore a sword and the woolen epaulettes of an officer. The golden epaulette was held by the Convention to militate against the law of equality.

At the far end of the cheerless chamber

was a table littered with paper, at which sat Barret, the secretary. He was a pale-faced young man, with a delicate air, and dressed with a neatness and decency that to Villette's mind savored of the aristocrat.

"The Citizen Mayor desires that you shall quarter these blue-coats upon Citizen Guilbaut," said the official in his surly fashion.



"Citizen Brutus Demagny, Mayor of Honfleur."

The pale-faced secretary nodded and dipped his pen in the ink horn.

"It shall be done. These letters have just arrived. One is from the Committee of Public Safety to announce the arrival here to-night of the Citizen Deputy Danton. The Citizen Mayor should be informed without delay. Will you take the letter to him?"

Villette took the paper in silence—a silence that had something resentful in it—and quitted the room.

When he was gone, the secretary bent for

a moment over his work, then, rising, he handed the tickets, one to each of the waiting soldiers.

"You are quartered upon Citizen Athanase Guilbaut, Rue Nationale. It is the third street on the left after you have passed _____,"

"I know the way," broke in the officer.

The secretary looked surprised, but said nothing. Observation had taught him that the men who said least lived longest in these times. He received the officer's thanks with a melancholy smile, and as they left him, he sat down to write out a list of *suspects* whom the sleuthhound Brutus desired to have placed under surveillance.

As they quitted the house, and took their way along the quay, the young officer broke into a pleasant laugh.

"*Parbleu*, Simon! Think of it. My rival quarters me upon Guilbaut. He would have done well to have first asked my name. Guilbaut says that he is a man to be feared. Bah!"

"'Sh!' exclaimed his herculean companion, looking fearfully around. "When will you lose the trick of conversing in shouts? It will cost you your head some fine day, depend upon it. For the rest, I do not catch the humor of the situation. It will not take this animal long to discover the nature of his error, and Mayors have an unpleasant way of repairing their errors."

"'Pshaw! We shall depart to-morrow night."

"But what if he discovers to-day that he has billeted Captain André Deshayes upon the Citizen Guilbaut?"

"Well, what of it? Did you not hear the fellow say that Danton will be at Honfleur to-night. If need be, I will appeal to him. He is no provincial Mayor, and a soldier may look to him for justice."

"Justice!" retorted Simon, with show of scorn. "And what is justice once the Citizen Mayor points the Republic's accusing finger at you? Justice, my friend, is the synonym of guillotine."

"The devil take you, Simon, for the most dismal companion ever a good patriot was cursed with. See how brightly the sun shines! We are in the month of *Fructidor*, and to-morrow is my wedding-day. Who talks of guillotines?"

With a grunt, Simon lapsed into silence, and so trudged along besides his André until they reached the Rue Nationale.

Little Jeanneton welcomed her lover joyfully, while to old Guilbaut it appeared a

most excellent jest that Demagny should have unwittingly quartered André upon him.

He deplored, however, that that very day he had been forced to dismiss his official, Rodenard, whom he had caught spying upon him. Trivial as was the incident, it served at once to arouse Simon's suspicious and pessimistic instincts. To him it seemed possible that by that very act, Guilbaut had set a weapon in the unscrupulous hands of Demagny. What was there to hinder this Rodenard from swearing all manner of falsehood against Guilbaut? Those were days in which impeachment for treason to the nation stalked close in the wake of suspicion or accusation. Little proof was demanded—none at all, sometimes. There was no leisure in the onward sweep of liberty to pause too long upon such trifles.

He kept his misgivings to himself, however, not wishing by the utterance of them to cast a shadow over the light-hearted happiness of his friend André and of little Jeanneton.

That his fears were not groundless was proved by the scene that was enacted a few hours later in that house. Its inmates were awakened in the dead of night by a loud knocking at the street door. Old Guilbaut arose in trepidation, and with a hundred fears in his heart—for being indeed a plotter his conscience was not an easy one—he went below in nightcap and dressing-gown to inquire into the cause of this midnight summons.

Scarcely had he opened the door when it was pushed wide by a powerful hand, and a huge ruffian wearing a phrygian cap—that horrid symbol of bloodthirsty patriotism—strode into the house, followed by two other men. One of them bore a lantern, which he held up so that the light might fall upon Guilbaut's face. It was Rodenard—Guilbaut's dismissed official.

"Are you that infamous traitor, Athanase Guilbaut?" cried he of the red cap.

The old man's heart seemed to shrivel up. He was betrayed. Nevertheless, more by an act of instinct than of reason, he made answer calmly:

"I am Athanase Guilbaut, but I am no traitor. Who are you and what is your business at this hour?"

"The business of the nation knows no hours; it is of all times," was the pompous answer. And in coarse accents, interlarded with much vileness of speech, the patriot went on to tell Guilbaut that it was known to the Committee of Public Safety that he

was a traitor in correspondence with proscribed aristocrats, and that they were come to set the seal of the Republic upon the door of a certain alcove known to contain the documents that would prove this charge.

A cold shiver ran through the old conspirator. Still he kept his countenance and protested that there was some error.

"Know you this man?" asked the patriot, abruptly, pointing to Rodenard.

Guilbaut lifted his candle so that the light fell upon the leering countenance of the spy.

"Yes. He was my official. I dismissed him for dishonest practices. If your information comes from him——"

"It does, Citizen Guilbaut," broke in Rodenard, with a coarse laugh. Then to the others, "Follow me," he cried, "and I'll show you where this aristocrat keeps his papers."

Guilbaut's pulses throbbed feverishly; his mouth was dry and parched. Still he made an effort to play the man.

"Hold!" he cried, planting himself before them. "This is some plot to rob me. Where is your warrant?"

A greasy paper bearing the official stamp of the Mayor was thrust under his nose by the red-capped patriot. He fell back.

"You are free to search, citizens," he said, in a choking voice, and followed them up the stairs.

Arrived on the first floor, Rodenard led the way to the dining-room, and across this to the door of the alcove which he knew contained the evidence of Guilbaut's treason. The key was in the lock, but by a curious chance it had not been turned. In this, as you shall judge, was the hand of God.

The patriot noted the fact, but instead of opening the door, as Guilbaut expected, he merely locked it, and slipped the key into his pocket. Then producing a lump of wax which he proceeded to melt, he placed three huge daubs of it across the fissure, thus

linking door and frame together, and upon these he set the impress of a huge brass seal.

"There," said he, standing back, as an artist might, to survey his work. "The contents of that chamber are now under seal of the Republic. Touch them at your peril. To-morrow morning the Citizen Deputy,



"You are quartered upon Citizen Athanase Guilbaut, Rue Nationale."

Danton, and the Citizen Mayor will come to remove them."

"Father, what is happening?" came a timid voice behind them.

The men turned. In the doorway stood a girlish figure all in white, her fair hair hanging loose upon her shoulders, and her face looking pale and frightened in the light of the taper she held.

Something so pure and saintly was there in the vision that those ruffians seemed awed by her presence, and their tongues had no ribald jest to cast at her.

For his child's sake Guilbaut controlled his sorely tried nerves.

"To bed, Jeanneton!" he exclaimed. "You'll take cold. Nothing is happening. These citizens are here on business of the Republic to which true patriots must at all hours attend. There. Go to bed, child."

And she, liking but little the looks of those black-browed patriots, obeyed him.

Jeanneton was not the only one whose slumbers had been disturbed. On the landing above, two men leaned over the balustrade and listened to the sounds that floated up to them. André, with the impetuosity of youth, would have gone down, but the cautious Simon restrained him almost by force and bade him wait. Not until the *sans-culottes* had descended, and the street door had closed upon them, did he allow him to have his way. And well it was for all of them that Simon's prudence had dictated such a course.

Once the patriots were gone, and Guilbaut had no longer a part to act, the control that hitherto he had set upon himself, gave way. The candle dropped from his enervated fingers, and with an inarticulate groan, he sank, fainting, against the wall. In this condition was he found by André, who, with Simon's assistance, carried him upstairs to the very room whither had been conducted the *sans-culottes*.

Jeanneton came in with a white, startled face, and kneeling beside the unconscious man, she set herself, in silence, to chafe his hands. Simon glanced round the room for a clue to the meaning of that midnight disturbance. His eye fell upon the sealed door and he sniffed dubiously; he would have drawn André's attention to it, but at that moment the old man revived.

With a deep inspiration, he opened his eyes, and looked about him in a dazed manner, then, as of a sudden, consciousness broke fully upon his mind.

"My God, my God!" he wailed. "They will guillotine me!"

"Father, dear father," implored Jeanneton, gazing piteously into his livid face. "What has happened?"

With a look of intense sorrow—sorrow for her and the pain he was about to cause her, so great that for a moment it usurped the place of his own agony and dread, he looked down at her, his thin white hand resting upon her fair young head.

"Be brave, Jeanneton," he murmured. "Be brave, *ma mie*. God comfort you!" Then turning suddenly to Deshayes, who

stood beside him, "André," he said, "swear to me by your hopes of salvation, by the Saviour who died for us, that you will love and cherish her after—after to-morrow."

In a voice that emotion rendered strangely unlike his own, the young man took the oath.

"It were well," abruptly broke in the stolid Simon, who stood in the background surveying them with a gloomy look that was near akin to a scowl, "it were well that before we bury you, Citizen Guilbaut, we make certain that you are dead."

A wan smile crossed the old man's face.

"I am dead indeed," he answered.

"Those seals are my death warrant. To think of escape were madness, for the house is surely watched."

"Hum! What does that room contain?" asked Simon.

"A bundle of letters from *ci-devants*, and other documents enough to send a regiment of men to the guillotine."

"Why, since they are so dangerous 'tis clear we must destroy them," said the soldier, coolly.

"Destroy them!" gasped Guilbaut, starting to his feet. Are you mad? The room has no other entrance but that door. If the seals are broken they will guillotine me."

"And if the seals are *not* broken, they will guillotine you, so——"

He stopped short. Jeanneton had fainted.

"Look upon your work, Simon!" cried André, an angry note in his voice, as he sprang forward to raise the unconscious girl. "Why speak of it with such brutality?"

Simon shrugged his huge shoulders, and without vouchsafing an answer to his friend's accusation he turned to Guilbaut and demanded all details of the visit. When he had received them he pondered for a moment.

"What is the size of the alcove?" he inquired at last.

"Nearly half the size of this room."

"So large as that! Good. You say that the door was unlocked?"

"Yes—by an act of carelessness on my part, resulting from the dismissal of Rode-nard."

"They turned the key without so much as looking into the room?"

"Yes."

"Fools!" grunted Simon. "But then what can the Convention expect when it employs such servants? *Pardieu!* There is the hand of Providence in this, Citizen Guilbaut."

"You see a way?" cried the old man, a-tremble with mingled hope and fear.

"An idea occurs to me. Desperate ills demand desperate remedies, citizen. My plan may succeed; if it does you are saved. If it does not—matters are at least no worse."

"Simon, Simon! Why torture me with hope?"

"The Citizen Danton," Simon pursued calmly, "is an early riser, and his visit may be looked for at an early hour. If this takes place all is well; if not"—he passed his fingers with caressing significance across his throat—"you and I shall ride in the tumbril together. Now for the papers."

Almost before Guilbaut knew what the soldier was about, he had set one of his powerful hands upon the lock and the other upon a bolt some two feet above it, then resting his knee against the frame and exerting all his monstrous strength, he tore the door open.

Turning a deaf ear upon the excited questions wherewith he was plied both by André and Guilbaut, Simon bade the old man secure and destroy his incriminating papers. Guilbaut obeyed him like one in a dream, a prey now to hope, now to terror, utterly bereft of any volition of his own, and driven alone by the soldier's determined voice.

Jeanneton moved in the chair where André had placed her.

"Courage, *citoyenne*!" cried Simon, stepping forward. "We are about to save your father, and while we work do you pray that Heaven may befriend us. And now, André, I shall require your assistance."

"But what is your plan?"

"You will understand while we prepare.

Come, we have no time to waste. Pray, *citoyenne*. Pray that the Citizen Danton may see fit to come early—very early."

Whether Jeanneton's prayer was heard and answered or not, I cannot say, but it was striking seven o'clock when the Deputy Danton, attended by Demagny and two soldiers, knocked at Citizen Guilbaut's door next morning.

They were admitted by old Guilbaut himself, who stood aside to let them enter.

Danton shot a sharp glance at the suspect. "You look pale, citizen," he commented in his voice of thunder—a voice that had shaken all France.

"*Hélas!*" deprecated Guilbaut, with a sigh that was by no means acted, "I have not slept all night. It is a cruel indignity to which I, a true and loyal patriot, have been subjected."

"We shall see, we shall see," answered Danton. "But if you are what you say, why fear—why tremble, man?"

Guilbaut closed the door.

"I have good cause to tremble. The mistake that has been made is monstrous—"

"Come, come, citizen," broke in Demagny, with a sneer. "The Citizen Deputy shall be the judge of that. Lead the way to the room which my messengers have sealed."

Guilbaut set foot upon the stairs, but hardly had he mounted the first step when from above there came the sound of furious knocking.

"What is that?" cried Danton, sharply.

"*Ciel!*" was Guilbaut's answer. "They have awakened! I feared it would be so,"



"In the doorway stood a girl's figure, all in white."

he added, in accents of profound distress. "Oh, quick, citizens! Quick, before they ruin me!"

And he dashed up the stairs at a pace that they—for all that they knew not why—were swift to emulate.

Before they were half way up there came the smash of breaking wood, accompanied by voices raised in shouts of "Open!"

"Faster, citizens," cried Guilbaut, breathlessly, and with all outward signs of terror. And faster they went, bewildered by this unexpected scene.

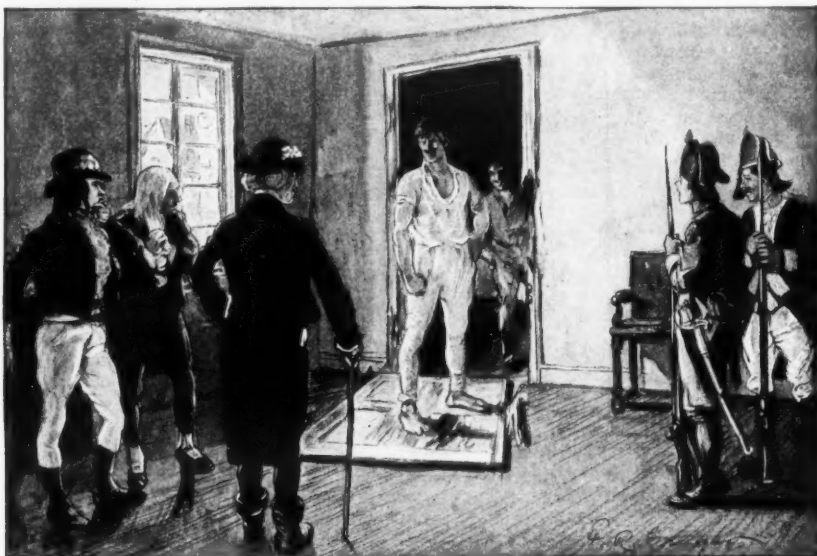
They gained the landing and with a last

Guilbaut, he sprang with a roar upon the old man and caught him by the throat.

"Traitor! dog! aristocrat!" he thundered, shaking his victim in his iron grasp.

Despite his bewilderment, Danton ordered the soldiers with him to separate the pair before the old man was strangled. This they did, falling upon Simon, who, letting Guilbaut free, shook them from him as a dog might rid himself of a couple of rats.

"Let me go!" he bellowed. "Let me teach this aristocrat to set two soldiers who have fought and bled for France, under lock and bolt."



"In an instant he was upon his feet, snarling and cursing."

shout of "Hasten!" Guilbaut sprang towards the dinning-room from which the sounds proceeded.

They had reached the threshold, and across the chamber they beheld the door upon which the seals had been set. One of its panels was splintered, and even as they looked the whole door seemed to heave as if some mighty strain were set upon it. Then of a sudden bolts and lock flew asunder, and with a mighty crash the door came out of its frame and fell, precipitating with it the huge, half-clad body of a man.

In an instant he was upon his feet, snarling and cursing, and his eye alighting upon

"Peace, man," thundered Danton, who fancied that he understood. "'Tis not the old man's doing. There is something here that needs explaining." And he shot a sidelong, unpleasant glance at Demagny, whose face had grown strangely pale.

Simon seemed to become suddenly aware of their presence. He eyed them from top to toe, and then the soldiers with them, and with a gasp that was a miracle of acting he let his arms fall to his sides.

"Will somebody do me the favor of explaining?" said he, very quietly.

André, who had been standing by the broken door examining the bolts, now

drew attention to himself by a cry of surprise.

"Simon," he exclaimed, "this door has been sealed!"

"Sealed!" gasped Simon.

Danton turned to Demagny with a hard laugh that drove terror into the Mayor's heart.

"You had better explain, Citizen Mayor," he remarked, coldly.

The Mayor made an effort to explain, but so distraught was he by his fears that his explanation took the tone and form of an apology.

While he was speaking Danton had moved toward the door of the alcove and looked in. He beheld a fair-sized chamber containing a large bed on which the clothes were tumbled, a basin and ewer set upon a table in a corner; an open knapsack stood upon a chair while the floor was strewn with accoutrements and articles of martial raiment.

He turned as Demagny ended his explanation.

"And it is upon this fool's errand that you have brought me hither?" he demanded, in tones that caused the Mayor to quail before him. "Was it to seal up the bedroom of these soldiers that you sent your myrmidons here last night?"

"I am afraid there is some mistake," began the Mayor.

"Mistake!" echoed Danton, tossing his great head. "It does indeed appear so. Whence had you your information touching the Citizen Guilbaut?"

"From Rodenard."

"Rodenard? Who is Rodenard?"

"He was my official," put in Guilbaut, timidly. "I dismissed him yesterday, and to me it seems that he may have lodged his accusation out of spite. You see, Citizen Deputy, how false and groundless it was."

Danton eyed him severely for a moment, and during that moment the old man's fate hung in the balance.

"You have the face of an honest man," quoth the Deputy at last, "and seeing how unreliable was the information against you I am inclined to credit you."

"You are wrong, Citizen Danton," cried Demagny in a frenzy. The Deputy's frown should have warned him, but the fool blundered on. "There is some plot in all this. I can swear before God——"

He got no further.

"God!" roared Danton. "Know you not that we have abolished God? Has the Convention made you Mayor of Honfleur and tied that sash about your middle, and do you know so little of its doctrines? I shall hear you shout, 'Live the King!' presently, I make no doubt."

"I will not submit to this bullying," burst out Demagny, so beside himself with passion that he flung prudence to the winds. "The days of tyranny are gone. All men are equals, and you shall not play the aristocrat over me in these times of liberty!"

"True," answered Danton, in a dangerously calm voice. "The days of tyranny are gone forever, and we live in an age of glorious freedom—and for the sake of that freedom, and so that such fools as you, Citizen Brutus, may not imperil its existence, we have invented an ingenious little machine with which you may soon become intimately acquainted. Citizen soldiers," he added, raising his voice, "arrest that man. I denounce him as an enemy to the public safety."

Vain were his protests; vain his entreaties; vainer still his ceaseless blasphemies. They dragged him away struggling frantically, while Danton apologized to Guilbaut in the name of the French Republic for the discomfort which the incapacity of one of its servants had occasioned him.

At last they were gone, and Guilbaut, André and Simon stood alone in the room around the debris of the door which the soldier's mighty shoulder had burst open.

"God be thanked," said André.

"My heart is very full, my friends," murmured Guilbaut, and a tear glistened in his eye.

"My stomach is very empty," quoth Simon, solemnly. "Call Jeanneton, and, in the name of Freedom, let us breakfast!"

THE BIGGEST CAMP MEETING IN THE WORLD

By EUGENE WOOD

THE camp-meeting is less an institution arising from present-day needs than it is a survival of the past, remote not so much in years as in changes. So if one is to understand why 50,000 people make an annual pilgrimage to Ocean Grove, New Jersey; some of them coming even from England, why this great concourse seeks a seaside resort without bathing-houses on its magnificent beach, without merry-go-rounds, roller-coasters or dance-halls, without golf-links or ball-grounds; why such large numbers choose a place where of a Sunday no horse is to be seen, and bicycles must be trundled, not ridden through the streets; where if one must buy his newspaper and

can of milk on that day, he must go to the gates for them and carry them in himself; why there should be a town wherein not only liquor stores, but also tobacco shops are forbidden—if one is to know why these things are he must turn back to the first years of the last century when young Methodism set out conquering and to conquer.

Life then within and without the man was so different from what it is now that it is hard for us to understand our forefathers. It is not alone that they lived in log cabins, chinked with mud and floored with split puncheons full of slivers for the barefoot children. It is not that they suffered perpetually with "fever-'n-ager," that their diet was poor and their work hard. It is not that their clothes were homespun, dyed with barks and herbs; that they struck a light with flint-and-steel and read their few books by candle-light or the flare of a pine-knot. They had no newspapers then to make the whole world their parish, and what is but a day's ride with us was a month's tedious journey with them. Their social amusements were: Apple-cuttings, quiltings, corn-huskings, barn-raising, singing-schools, spelling-matches and dances with a fiddler to play reels and cotillions. So great have been the changes in their outward things whose pressure unconsciously molds the intellectual life that in our daily life we are remote from our great grandparents by a millennium, not a century. Yet inwardly the change has been even more profound. In those days no Darwin had proved that monkeys are our poor relations, and the higher critics had not begun to talk about the spuriousness of Second Peter and the text of the Three Heavenly witnesses.

Let us try to reconstruct an old-time camp-meeting. On a day set,



Bishop J. N. FitzGerald.
President of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association.

in such-and-such a grove the people of a neighborhood prepared to celebrate a latter-day Feast of Tabernacles. They pitched tents and hauled in big, red farm-wagons their bedding, cooking utensils, their own food and that of their "critters" that neighed and whinnied in the woods. A rude platform for the preachers and exhorters was built, "mourners' benches" set around three sides of it and straw laid down for them to kneel in. Seats of planks accommodated the congregation. There was preaching and praying and singing all the waking day. The young fellows for miles around drove over in their buggies with their girls to "cut up," and have a good time. Often those that came to scoff remained to pray. Mothers were praying for them, sisters were praying for them, sweethearts were praying for them, praying and pleading with them to flee the wrath to come. Their own better selves urged them to forsake sin. Afraid to be laughed at, stiff-necked and rebellious, they held out against the tendered mercy, though gnawed by conviction. Sometimes they ran away from the meetings only to find that they could not run away from themselves. Fear followed hard after them, fear that they had sinned

places, groaning and weeping and crying out, "Lost! Lost eternally!"

Something draws them back to the camp-meeting. But once there they cannot go forward to the mourners' bench, but stand



The Auditorium.

hearkening scornfully to Brother Littell's prayer: "Oh, Lord-ah! They's sinners here to-day-ah, a-haltin' betwix' two opinions-ah, a-swingin' to and fro-ah, like a do-oo-o-or on its hinges-ah. WAKE 'EM UP! Oh, Lord-ah! Hold 'em over Hell FIRE-ah! Let 'em have no peace till they find it in Thee-ah!"

All around the power of God is striking down sinners. That young man yonder groans and kneels over in his tracks like a felled ox. This young girl is seized with the "jerks" and her body weaves back and forth so violently that her loosened hair cracks like a whip. Dozens of others are attacked in the same way.

"Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone,"

sings the congregation, and something in the plaintive melody affects one and another. Their pride broken, sobbing, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" they run, blinded by their tears, to the mourners' bench, and fling themselves on their knees in the straw, seeking pardon and peace. Scores of others are there, agonizing before God. The saved clamber over them and help them to pray, calling to mind the exceeding great and precious promises of forgiveness to the truly penitent. This brother and that leads in loud prayer, sometimes two or three at once, encouraged and spurred by shouts of: "Amen. Yes, Lord! Yes, Lord! Lord help! Lord help! Bless God! A-a-a-men! Glory to God! Hal-le-lu-jah!"



One of Professor Morgan's Three Hundred Rough Riders.

away their day of grace, fear that they had committed the sin against the Holy Ghost for which there is no forgiveness. They could not give their minds to anything, but wandered up and down in solitary

The hymns are strongly marked in rhythm, full-lunged, undivided into parts, the men's rough tones tearing like a buzz-saw through the women's shrill treble, just the bare voices on tunes that set the pulses beating, like:

"Depth of mercy! Can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?"

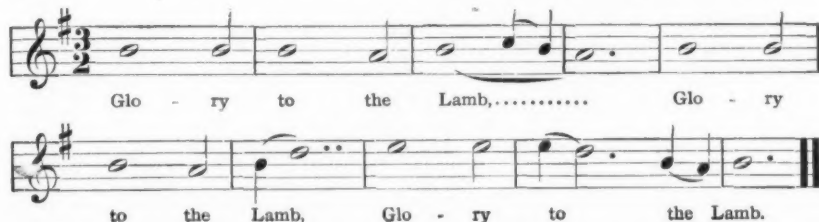
OR:

"Come, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve."

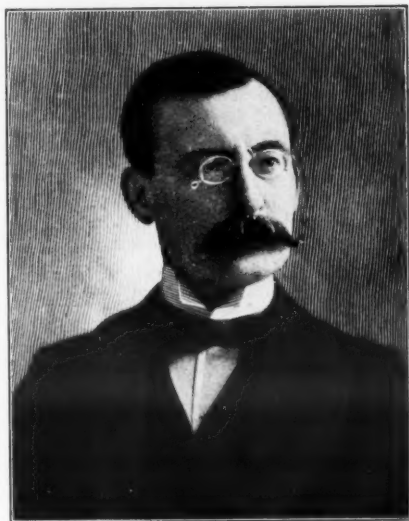
Amid all this hubbub of enthusiasm, the crucial moment arrives for one young man. He has made the general confession that he is a sinner in need of salvation. God has promised that whosoever cometh to Him, He will in nowise cast out. He has come and brought the offering of a broken and a contrite heart. . . . Oh, it is true, then, God pardons him and his sins, which are many, are all forgiven! Hell no longer yawns for him. Oh, glory! He screams with joy. Louder. *Glory!* Louder yet. *Glory!* At the top of his lungs he shouts, GLORY! He springs to his feet. His eyes set. The cords of his neck stand out. His mouth foams. He claps his hands, he leaps up and down, crying, laughing, dancing. He is saved! Saved from a burning Hell! His mother rushes to him, weeping with joy. The others join in the shout of triumph and the "holy laugh." They strike up:

"Sing on, pray on, we're a-gainin' ground,
Glory, hallelujah!
The power of the Lord is a-comin' down,
Glory, hallelujah!"

The contagion spreads like a prairie fire. Others, that hung halting, "come through," and rejoice with him in the assurance of salvation. And then rises that solemn hymn of ecstatic devotion, whose quaint, almost Oriental melody I regard as no less inspired than that of the Preface of ancient plain song:



So it goes night and day, until the "March about Jerusalem," a sort of solemn procession that concludes the camp-meeting.



Professor Tali Eesen Morgan, Musical Director.

At such times, when all conventions and disguises are stripped off and, so to speak, the human soul runs naked, many things occur not to edification. I pass by the many stories that illustrate how often the soap dish is dirty and the shoemaker's wife goes barefoot, and select one story that shows how not only conversion, but other gifts were sought at the anxious seat. A young man came forward at the first call for mourners of the first meeting. Every succeeding day until the very last he was still to be found there. Apparently he couldn't "come through." Seeing him dejected, all the more so now that only a few minutes of the season of refreshing remained, one went to him, put his arm around him and said, "Dear brother, aren't you saved yet?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with a long, inward, grief-stricken snuffle, "I reckon I'm saved all right, but——" Here he squared his

mouth and broke into a despairing bellow. "I ca-can't make a pra'r fit for a dawg! Ahoo-hoo-ooo-o!"

Methodists are good people, and the Lord prospers good people—as a general thing. So after the war was over and the boys that had been sleeping outdoors and killing men for four years came home and threw all that resistless flood of energy into business, creating such a vast and sudden increase of national wealth as the world has never seen, Methodists came in for their share and perhaps a little more. It is easy enough to be opposed to the wearing of

gold and costly apparel when you cannot afford it. It is easy enough to frown on novel reading when nobody's library contains more than the Bible, the hymn-book, Pilgrim's Progress, Gunn's Family Medicine, Josephus, the Almanac and the Conversion of Colonel Gardner. In the old days women that wore artificial flowers in their bonnets were turned away from love feasts. I haven't heard of any such thing lately. The Discipline still forbids dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, novel-reading and other worldly pleasures, but whether the Discipline holds its own against the hankering for luxury that comes from the power to purchase it, I don't feel called upon to declare.

It was one of Methodism's early glories that it encouraged repressed woman to stand

up in meeting and glorify God for the work of grace in her soul. Others might quote:

"Let your women keep silence in the churches. . . . For it is a shame for women to speak in the church." If it was any comfort to them to quote that passage they might go on forever. All the satisfaction they got out of the Methodists was: "Well, there is where we differ with Paul." The great Apostle to the Gentiles had a great deal to say, too, about women keeping their heads covered in meeting because of the angels. He held that if a woman was bound and determined to go bare-headed the

very least she could do was to get her hair shingled. Among the 5,000 or 6,000 people in the Auditorium at Ocean Grove of a Sunday morning very few, and none of these short-haired, wear anything on their heads at all. Choristers are forbidden to do so. Sometimes a woman comes into the choir wearing a hat. Mr. Tali Esen Morgan, the director, sends to ask her if she won't please take it off. She says it isn't convenient. "Take it off or get out of the choir," is the next word that comes.

In 1869 some ten families joined in a camp-meeting on the shores of what is now Wesley Lake, but then was Long Pond, New Jersey. The Rev. Dr. Ellwood H. Stokes was chosen president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association then and held that office for thirty-two years, until 1897



One of the Many Cosy Tents.



A Salt Water Swimming Pool at Ocean Grove.

when he died and went home to glory. Under his direction, it grew from its small beginning until it is now the biggest camp-meeting in the world. Do not look now for red farm wagons and horses switching their tails and stamping to shake off the flies,



The Reverend C. H. Yatman.

gnawing the bark off the trees and interrupting the preacher with their loud whinnies.

The old preaching platform with the straw around it has been gone this good while. (There never was such a harbor for fleas in the round world as straw is.) The old backless seats where the congregation sat, only slightly sheltered from sun and shower by strips of canvas, vines and pine branches are all gone. There was quite a struggle against erecting a permanent roof, but the old fogies were outvoted, and now there is an immense auditorium where 9,000 may take their ease in Zion in comfortable folding chairs. The roof that springs overhead in one parabolic arch is lighted by 1,200 incandescent lamps. The "mourners' bench," or altar, if you like that better, is 114 feet long and cushioned.

There are tents still to live in, but they are not many. They are on raised board floors, carpeted as at home. Center tables, each adorned with a chenille cover and bearing an easel photograph of that Madonna with the rolled-up eyes, stood in the parlor of every three-roomed tent I saw. Square holes are cut in the side walls, barred with strips of duck and glazed with netting so as to look like real windows. Each has a frame

kitchen at the back and a front stoop with a porch-like awning and rocking chairs. Each had a honeysuckle bush beside it. There are more honeysuckles at Ocean Grove than anywhere else on earth. The air is sticky with their perfume.

By far the greater part of the summer population of Ocean Grove live in hotels and jig-saw cottages, bearing romantic titles and situated in streets with such names as Pilgrim's Pathway, Mount Tabor Way and Heck Avenue. The people are all plain, unaffected folk that do not try to put on style, no matter how rich they are. They all look like fried-potatoes-for-breakfast-and-dinner-in-the-middle-of-the-day people. One cottage had its lawn decorated in a way that I thought characteristic, though it was the only one of the kind I saw. Two large shells, I should say about eighteen inches across, stood perpendicularly in the middle of each grass plot, and the edges of the private walk and the sidewalk were trimly defined by a row of conch shells laid end to end as straight as a gouge. I call that pretty tasty.

The architecture of the Auditorium, the Young Peoples' Temple, the Tabernacle and Thornly Chapel is that of a freight car. They are painted yellow ochre with red-brown trimmings. Near the Auditorium is a pavilion that shelters a model of modern Jerusalem and its environs. The last I saw of it some little girls were pegging stones at the mosque of Omar. At least, they said they were.

In all the world there is not such a chorus as one may hear at Ocean Grove. Among the 500 choristers in the big choir, which is divided into two sections, a morning and an evening choir, that none may have to go to church too often, there are representatives from every state in the Union. All is systematized and every ten of the chorus is in charge of a captain that sees that his ten get to rehearsals five nights of the week. In this way oratorios like "The Messiah" are put on in six weeks, every singer letter-perfect, though many of them never sang in chorus before, so precise in attack, so responsive to indicated light and shade and giving such volume and beauty of tone that musicians like Walter Damrosch are amazed that such things can be with so large a body of singers.

This season they gave Cowen's "Rose-maiden," Gaul's "Holy City," Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," with such soloists as Ffrangcon Davies,

Lillian Blauvelt, Gertrude May Stein, Anita Rio, Eva Gardner Coleman, Florence Mulford, E. S. Johnson, Albert Quesnel, Julian Walker and Herbert Witherspoon. Saturday evenings they give free concerts, at which a collection is taken. The receipts will average as much as two cents a head. Here is where the far-famed Ocean Grove penny makes its appearance. It can be told by the depression in the middle where it has been pinched between thumb and finger.

Mr. Morgan also has a chorus of about 800 children that— Now, now you needn't pucker up your face. I know—we all know that as a general thing a lot of children in a chorus simply scream murder and watch. As a rule, I had as soon sit and listen to a cat with its tail caught in the door. But these children of Tali Esen Morgan's teaching actually sing with a beautiful tone and expression. There is also a military drill for the little boys.

Another feature of Ocean Grove that you'd hardly expect to find on a camp-meeting ground is an orchestra of fifty pieces. I tell you it looks nice to see so many young women on the platform all bowing away at their violins. It has always been a notion of mine that instead of girls slaving at the piano (most ungrateful of instruments), they ought to learn the violin. Nothing sets off a pretty figure so. There will never be music in America until there is a permanent orchestra in every little city, and the girls are the only ones that have time for it.

At Ocean Grove the special artists in the orchestra are paid, but if anybody can read music and is proficient on the violin, viola, 'cello, double-bass, flute, clarinet, oboe, English horn, bassoon, cornet, French horn, euphonium, trombone, tuba or the tympani, he or she can get a three months' vacation by the seaside absolutely free. The Association will pay transportation from New York, board, room-rent, washing, even postage stamps for them if they will behave themselves decently, attend two rehearsals a day and play Saturday evenings and Sundays. The musicians have a house to themselves, are chaperoned by a man and his wife, and have a bully good time, besides an unexcelled opportunity for ensemble playing under a director that is a musician with all the bone outward, a Welshman with all the Cymric enthusiasm and the temperament of his bardic namesake.

Now, then, what has this to do with the camp-meeting? Nothing whatever. But it has to do with Ocean Grove before the

camp-meeting begins. This is a summer resort, too, and where there is no golfing, no baseball, no merry-go-round or loop-the-loop, no Sunday newspaper or can of milk, no beer, though cigars may be purchased at the hotels, no hops, no Sunday driving or bicycling, something must be done to "attract the young people." Something must be done to keep the young man Absalom where he will be safe. So there are concerts and illustrated lectures on Egypt and the Holy Land. A great many people are desirous of being where there is no rowdiness, no beer drinking, no Sabbath breaking. It has been hard work to create such a place. The camp-meeting association owns all the land at Ocean Grove, even to the streets, and you have no rights there but what they choose to give. You need not worry. There are no restrictions whatever on quiet. You can behave yourself to the last limit of human endurance, and nobody will bother you. If you don't want to go to Ocean Grove nobody compels you to, and I do think when an association pays its own taxes and hires its police force and owns its water-works, sewerage system and electric light plant it ought to be allowed to get along without whiskey and Sabbath-breaking if it wants to.

But when it comes to camp-meeting time the old-time Methodism rules. Rehearsals are absolutely shut down, and the orchestra plays only hymns and such like for the Sunday services. But even so, I wonder what Peter Cartwright would think if he could come back, expecting to attend camp-meeting and found himself under that great roof with the fiddles tuning up and the lady in the low-necked dress putting in a new harpstring to replace the broken one. I wonder what he would think



Helen Marie Burr, Harpist.

of the shirt-waist men and the bareheaded women in the choir. I wonder what he would think of the hired vocalists and the Bradford Quartet and the singing of the great choir of from 6,000 to 9,000 people. It amounts to a choir, so sensitive is it to Mr. Morgan's direction, so prompt in its attack, singing now softly and now jubilantly as the sense of the hymn varies.

Perhaps he might think it a queer camp-meeting, but as near as I can learn he was a pretty sensible man and set little store by outward seeming. If he could find heart-felt religion at Ocean Grove I guess he would not feel lonely or out of place. He and the Rev. Mr. Yatman might not be able to agree about the spuriousness of Second Peter and the text of the Three Heavenly witnesses, but I fancy I can hear him crying "Amen!" to Mr. Yatman's rather bizarre talk. Almost all the tunes would be new to him, but he would soon pick them up, and I feel sure that he would find the words of the hymns more edifying than those popular in his day, such as:

"The Devil hates the Methodists,
Glory, glory, glory!"

and:

"If you get there before I do,
Tell them I'm a-comin' too."

I don't doubt he would have a glorious time in the tabernacle at the Immediate Sanctification and Year-round Holiness meetings. I know I do. I am fond of miracles, and if there is a greater miracle than that a man should be able to rise definitely and once for all into a plane of living so that he never even wants to commit sin any more than he wants to commit murder, I cannot imagine what it could be. Perhaps it is all a delusion. But, somehow, as you sit there, and Sister Smith tells how easy it is to attain to this blessed experience, when this

brother here and that sister there testify how foolishly they tried to reserve this or that from God while they hungered and thirsted for righteousness until finally a day came when they were glad to give every-

thing up to Him and could say truly and unfeignedly,

"Take my poor heart,
and let it be
Forever closed to all but
Thee.
Seal Thou my breast, and
let me wear
That pledge of love forever
there,"

and in that moment came a peace and joy unspeakable that has never left them for one second, an indwelling of the Holy Ghost that has ever since kept them unspotted from the world; when you can tell by the

tones of their voices that they are honest men and women, and by their looks that they are holy men and women, it all seems very real and true.

There is no lack of meetings at any time at Ocean Grove, but in camp-meeting time, which this year was from August 17 to September 2, this is the daily schedule: Sunrise meeting on the beach at about 5:45 a. m.; family prayers in the auditorium at 6:45; young people's meeting at 9; helping hand at 9; preaching in the auditorium at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; immediate sanctification at 1:30 p. m.; year round holiness at 3:30; children's meeting at 4; twilight meeting on the beach at 6. Sundays there is Sunday school at 2 p. m., and besides there are other meetings in between when occasion arises.

I'll tell you. They may have stuck on some gold-leaf and given her upper works a new coat of paint and put in an electric light plant and a few other modern conveniences to "attract the young people," but as near as I can make out, she's still the same old ship Zion, with the same captain, the same compass, the same chart, and bound for the same harbor that she was in Peter Cartwright's day.



Mrs. Elizabeth Smith.

Who has conducted the Sanctification Meetings for twenty-seven years.

THE TRYST OF THE FIGUREHEAD

By ARTHUR KETCHUM

The graybeard waves have fondled me
In their fierce tenderness;
(Oh, roam the wide seas over, but you'll turn to port at last!)
The glad keen winds have held me close
In passionate embrace;
(Oh, these be but a memory when the harbor bar is past!)

The gulls have been my way fellows,
Familiar friends of old;
('Tis I who went a-wayfaring down highroads of the sea!)
The shy sea-maidens have wreathed me
With garlands green and gold—
But what cared I for sea-maids' gift who had all space in
fee?

And oh, but those were free, brave days!
The cloven green below—
The sails that followed where I led along the trackiest way—
Before my eyes, cross heaving miles,
The course the ship must go;
(My eyes that never faltered once for all the stinging spray).

'Twas I who met Dawn unafraid,
We two alone in space,
With all the east afore before, the ship's wake white behind.
The sunset lavished all its gold,
On my unheeding face—
But I felt but my lover's arm and heard the singing wind.

But home, drop home: the long rest waits;
The old sails swell and fill,
(Oh, roam the wide seas over, but you'll come to port at last.)
What fickle winds must soon forget
May waves remember still?
(Oh, these be but a memory when the harbor bar is past.)

For He who knew the great sea room,
The vast of wind and stars,
This narrow workshop's dusky space, the shaving on the
floor;
One with a battered company
Of useless masts and spars—
(And, oh, the mocking glimpse of bay beyond the open door!)

These still things taunt my dreaming eyes
That all the winds have kissed.
Oh, winds and sea, my heart goes out to meet and mix with
you!
Here 'mid the dust of toiling days,
I hold mine ancient tryst.
Oh, Viking seas, keep faith with me—oh, glad-heart winds,
be true!

THE SHARE OF COUNT BRANTZEFF

By ABRAHAM CAHAN

I.

IT was about a year before his arrest that Count Brantzeff learned to spell words by tapping on his table as political prisoners do in communicating through the walls of their cells. He was a spare, dark-complexioned young man, with a scholarly face which usually wore the expression of one straining to recall something. He had heard of captives who tapped out incoherent sentences in their sleep; and there was a story among the nihilists of two brothers who emerged from the fortress in such a state of mental excitement that during the first minutes of their meeting they could not speak except by knocking on the wall.

Brantzeff knew that this was the one joy in the life of solitude and silence which was, sooner or later, to be his; and the reddish building where some of his dearest friends had been buried alive, with those sounds stealing their way from grave to grave, had an agonizing fascination for him. For the rest, his personal case appealed to him in an impersonal way.

II.

When he found himself alone in a prison cell at last, his first feeling was one of relief. His simple artless Russian nature had always revolted against the simulations and conspiracies of his revolutionary career, and his delicate nerves were so worn out by this incessant struggle with danger that to be powerless to continue it seemed a comfort. Here, at least, there was no arrest to fear, no spies to outwit.

Presently something seized his throat and his brain with a huge, massive grasp. He began to pace the stone floor, listening to his anguish as if it were something audible; but the grating noise of his own footfalls seemed to make common cause with that pang in his throat, and he stopped at the window. All he could see was a colorless stretch of wall and a square yard of sky. After a little he caught himself harkening

to the stillness of his cell as though it, too, were sound. Finally he bethought himself of his signal code and hastened to spell on the wall.

"Who is there?"

There was no reply. He tried the opposite wall, and again his question remained unanswered.

Brantzeff was seized with horror. His solitude seemed suddenly to have increased in size. He tapped again and again, now at this wall, now at that; but the adjoining cells were apparently empty. He seated himself on his cot. As his eye fell upon the fresh long hand on his knee he exclaimed, inwardly: "I am so young! I have not yet begun to live!" The thought that he had had no chance to love or to be loved had hung about his brain ever since he became the quarry of political detectives. The thousand and one little tricks he had to play on the enemy, and all the exciting details of his "underground" life had left him no mind for "affairs of the heart." Moreover, when one is ever expecting to be torn from all that one holds dear, why open a new source of pain in one's life? Indistinctly, however, he had always remembered that there was something, the sweetest blessing of existence, to which his soul was a stranger; and now, as he sat on his cot and it flashed upon him that he might be doomed never to know that happiness which was the gift of every being, his heart cried out to the whole world to take him back to the life in which everybody outside was rejoicing.

He beheld his revolutionary friends. They were speaking of him in subdued heart-broken accents. It was their manner rather than their words which implied admiration for his courage and devotion. Whereupon his bosom swelled with joy, and as he took another turn about the cell, he felt ready to mount the scaffold. He tried to picture himself with the noose tightening about his neck. One moment and the ordeal was over. It seemed the easiest thing in the world to go through. After a while he paused. That ponderous agony gripped him once more;



"For a minute or two the wall was silent. Then it murmured: 'I have never seen you. But how do you know I am not a spy?'"

and again he fell to walking backward and forward, in great, rapid strides.

III.

More than three months had dragged away their tantalizing lengths. Brantzeff's days of black misery alternated with periods of exuberant good spirits, which usually disappeared as suddenly as they came. Once or twice he fell into a stupor, sleeping day and night for a week together or sitting for hours in a state of mental and physical apathy. The three great themes of his day dreams were: his escape, his fancied love affairs, and the victory of the revolutionary party.

It was as if all his faculties had been transformed into imagination. The things he visioned stood out with growing vividness. He made declarations of love now to this, now to the other young woman of his acquaintance; he threw open the cell door of every political prisoner in the empire; turned into a bird, he was flying about the land and chirping words of hope and light into the ears of the people. The stillness of his cell assumed all sorts of shapes and conditions in his mind. Sometimes it was a kind of alcohol evaporating on the flat of somebody's hand; at other times it impressed him as a living thing, hiding from him now in this corner, now in that. The place beyond the colorless prison wall, upon which he had never set his eyes, loomed in the form of a precipice, with a brook trickling at the bottom; and in some unaccountable way he took it into his head that this brook kept whispering:

"The sixth! The sixth! The sixth!"

Or he would fancy a company of blue butterflies sailing past his cell window.

"Where are you off to, little butterflies?"

"To our sweethearts, sir. We're in love! We're in love!"

And for hours together he would hear the echo:

"We're in love! We're in love! We're in love!"

The whole world was in love. Every creature came in for its share in an abundance of joy—every creature but himself. Was he ever to receive that share of his?

It was early in the morning. The bit of sky up above was growing brighter and brighter. Count Brantzeff was walking to and fro, his heart straining and struggling as a bird struggles to disengage itself from

a boy's grasp. For some moments the terrible pang in his throat and his brain seemed something enjoyable. Then, in his helplessness, he had a fancy that if he pressed the top of his head hard against the wall and stood howling like a wounded beast, it would relieve him.

Suddenly hark! a series of muffled sounds fell upon the wall across the room from his cot:

"Tup-tup; tup-tup——"

Brantzeff trembled, as he looked round. His pain was gone.

"Who are you?" he hastened to spell.

"Sophia Malinina. And you?"

"Brantzeff," he answered, with a fast beating heart.

"Really?"

"Do you know me?"

For a minute or two the wall was silent. Then it murmured:

"I have never seen you. But how do you know I am not a spy?"

The question set his teeth on edge. It was like suggesting to a weary traveler that the well he has come upon may contain poison.

"Is this but another way of ascertaining whether I am one," he tapped, with a pained look. "But neither of us would say anything which might be of interest to the rogues, anyhow. So where is the danger?"

"That's so," she assented.

She explained that she had been transferred from another cell the night before. Then they talked of their health, and she told him that she felt surprisingly well.

"I can't complain, either," he rejoined. "The only thing that worries me is the idiotic interest the meals are beginning to have for me. I am simply ashamed of myself. Of course, sometimes I do feel rather blue."

"When you do, just imagine the gendarmes prying into your soul and gloating over your low spirits. You will be sure to brace up. It always works well with me. Another thing, set yourself to work on some psychological problem. Put your friends in all kinds of situations and determine what each of them would do or say. I find it good sport."

They compared notes about the size of the sky each of them could see, the guards, the commonplace books in the prison library, the promenade yard, their dinners. At this she asked Brantzeff whether he took care to chew his food well.

"You must not think I bothered about

these things when I was at large," she said. "But here one must look after one's health. Besides, it helps to kill time."

He told her of his former passion for mathematics and how he had suddenly lost all interest in it; and she described her grandfather, an impoverished, old-fashioned magnate, who would not let her read books "unbecoming a real lady," such as a history of Russian literature or Darwin's "Descent of Man."

Mlle. Malinina proved to be familiar with the history of humanity's struggle for liberty. She spoke of Danton, Washington and Delescluze as she would of personal friends, and dwelt on the Social Republic in a matter-of-course way which Brantzeff thought at once amusing and touching.

He lay down on his cot with glowing cheeks. A whisper fluttered through his veins. The personified silence of the cell had vanished. The meaning of life was centered upon the invisible creature beyond the wall; and the better to contemplate his vision of Mlle. Malinina he shut his eyes. The general contour of a feminine figure was growing more distinct every instant, and at the same time its features were getting vaguer and vaguer. He strained his imagination until it seemed to hurt him. He opened his eyes. Compared to the other three walls, the one which divided him from the girl was like an animate creature now.

IV.

The next morning he awoke to the thought that a great delight was in store for him; and no sooner had he regained full consciousness than he jumped out of bed and made for "Sonia's wall." He checked himself, however, for fear of waking her in case she was still asleep. The scrap of sky overhead was his clock, and as he looked up its delicate tint told him it was between six and seven. He washed himself, and started to go back to his cot, when the wall saluted him.

"Good-morning!" it said—the first greeting he had received since he was placed in this tomb of his.

The soft, muffled sounds went to Count Brantzeff's heart, suffusing it with warmth and mystery.

"Good-morning," he returned. "How long have you been up?"

"About an hour."

"Listen. It is a perfect torture to talk

without having the least idea what you look like. Describe your appearance and I shall describe mine. That will give our minds something to address themselves to as we converse."

Sonia went into raptures over the plan.

"To begin with, I am twenty-four and blonde—very," she said. "But how am I to tell you what I look like? There is no danger of my flattering myself. On the contrary, I am afraid I may paint the devil blacker than he is, out of false modesty."

Brantzeff blushed before the wall as he begged the young woman whom he neither saw nor heard not to do herself any injustice, and biting his lips shamefacedly, he waited for her reply.

"Well, I don't think I am bad-looking, for at the gymnasium, where the girls used to pass upon each other's looks as our teachers did upon our studies, I was rated rather high. But every time I look at my flat face and narrow eyes in the glass I feel awfully discouraged. Do you think you have enough? Well, a relative of mine who is a painter says I would make an ideal model for a picture of a moujik girl of the vivacious type. I am a great giggler, you know."

She was anxious to convey to his mind a complete likeness of herself, but she gave up the attempt in despair. As well she might undertake to describe a melody. It was clear, however, that in her own brain there was a vivid picture. Not so the count. When he essayed to sketch his features for her he was surprised to find that he had but a very vague idea of them himself.

Sonia suggested that if he stood at a certain angle his window might serve him as a looking glass. He did, and the result was a minute description.

The next morning she asked him to pass his finger over his lower lip, and to tell her what sort of curve it formed, and when he had complied, she said:

"Now I think I can see you. Of course, it may all be nonsense. I might not be able to pick you out on the street after all. But such as my picture is, it is almost perfect. That lip of yours bothered me all night. Strange, isn't it?"

She inquired if he sang, and when he had transmitted an affirmative answer she asked him how he would like to hum "Netchaeff," a revolutionary song, in duet, she beating time.

Singing was strictly forbidden, so Brantzeff scarcely uttered a sound; but as he

whispered the words of the poem to the slow rhythm of her tapping, and mentally followed the doleful tone, tears came to his eyes.

"My heart is yearning for you, Sonia," he fingered out on the wall. "I cannot behold your lovely face as clearly as you think you see mine. But I can look at your beautiful spirit as if it stood smiling upon me. I am happy to be entombed by your side. I love you, I love you, dearest."

"And I love you, too," she returned.

They discarded the formal "you" for the familiar singular, and with their souls winged, they went on raving of their bliss. That brook beyond the prison fence seemed more real than ever. "The sixth! The sixth! The sixth!" it murmured to the count, as he beheld his spiritualized self force its way through the pores of the wall which stood between him and Sonia.

"Listen," he said. "Suppose we invented some sort of lasting fireworks by means of which a proclamation, written in gigantic letters of gold, could be produced on the sky, calling upon the people to free themselves. Wouldn't that be fine?"

They dwelt upon the fantasy with delight, exchanging jokes at the expense of the police who were vainly trying to put out the fiery letters.

"Or suppose a golden trumpet were to appear from the clouds. I can see it burst into song. I can hear its words. They are no ordinary words. They can be seen and felt. And the people turn out in throngs and bare their heads as they look and listen. And those words drop from the trumpet's mouth in a shower of pearls, and the peasants gather them up, and although they are unlettered sons of the people and cannot read, yet they know what the words mean."

Sonia asked him if he could set it to verse. He confessed that he had done so weeks before, and at her exultant request, he spelled his crude lines again and again until she had them all safely by heart. He knew scores of celebrated poems, particularly from Necrassoff, which he recited to her by the hour.

"You must be an excellent declaimer," she said.

"What makes you think so?"

"I feel it. It may appear funny, but the sounds of your finger, as you telegraph poetry are more expressive than when it's prose. I can feel the cadences, the rising and falling inflections. You put soul into your strokes, as if the wall was a piano. But, of course, it may all be pure imagination."

A few weeks after this conversation Sonia said:

"There is a new 'political' on the other side of my cell."

Brantzeff turned pale.

"Who is he?"

"Ivan Pavlovitch Panutin. He says he does not know. Wait, he is calling me. Don't be jealous, dearest. I am in earnest; don't be jealous. Nobody in the world could ever give my heart a feeling like that which has been there since I made your acquaintance. Nobody, nobody, dearest."

He did feel jealous, and the pang it gave him was a novel torture. It came over him every time she spoke, or he fancied her speaking, to her new neighbor. He often paced up and down the cell gloomily, but he never thought of freedom in such moments. He could not leave this dungeon if he had his choice, he thought. But this state of his mind was not to last long. One morning, when his finger signaled, "Good-morning, Sonia!" there was no answer.

"Sonia!"

The wall made no reply. He reflected that she might be out for her walk, although he knew that it was too early in the day for that; but another hour had passed, and his tapping still remained unanswered.

During the following month Count Brantzeff was transferred to a subaqueous cell in the fortress of Peter and Paul, St. Petersburg, whence, after a lapse of three years, he was transported to the remotest parts of Siberia.



A MAN AND HIS PRICE

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

"WELL," said Uncle Obed, "the fust I knew of it was that night at the post office. I was waitin' fer Ezry ter git the mail sorted, and the reg'lar gang was holdin' down the chairs and cracker barrels, chawin' terbacker and fav'rin' the Almighty with their advice about runnin' the universe, same as usual."

Uncle Obed and I were seated on the—extremely—rustic bench at the rear of Luther Ryder's ice cream and clam chowder parlors at Orham, Cape Cod. The moon had not yet risen, and the summer night was as black and impenetrable as velvet. Off in the dark, along the outer beach, the sea could be heard worrying and growling over its shoals like a dog over a bone. The breeze blowing from the marshes showered us with the rich scent of wild honeysuckle, and its fragrance served as a partial antidote for the aroma arising from one of Mr. Ryder's five-cent cigars, which Uncle Obed was industriously smoking. The conversation had drifted from railroads to millionaires, from millionaires to paupers, from paupers to almshouses, and the Orham almshouse in particular, and the talk about the latter establishment, which Uncle Obed declared to be "as good a poorhouse as there is on the Cape," suggested the yarn which he had begun as above.

"Yus," he went on, "all the reg'lar gang was there and talkin' loud as ever, but I didn't pay no attention ter 'em till

Seth Chase come in with the East Orham mailbox, and they got goin' at him.

"Bial Higgins' boy seen him fust, and he hollers out, 'Hi, fellers! here's Seth. Clear the way fer the East Orham Lightnin' Deespatch Express!'

"'Hold yer breath and let the U. S. R'yal Poorhouse Special go by!' sings out Lem Baxter, him they call 'Squealer.'

"'How is things down ter Peters' free palace hotel?' says 'Punkin' Wixon. Then all stomped and hollered and haw-hawed like a passel er crows. But Seth — Never see Seth, did yer?'

"No," I replied, "I don't remember havin' seen him."

"Well, if yer had seen him yer'd remember him. He used ter carry and deliver letters to and from the post-office fer the folks at the east end er the town. I knew Seth Chase when he was a young feller, and a purty spruce chap he was, too, and even after he had the stroke er paral'sis that broke him down and landed him in the poorhouse he had a face that was wuth lookin' at. He was a cripple and bent over ter one side, but he had a fine head and his hair was white as snow. I swan ter man, when I see him limpin' past that crowd er sneerin', hootin' good-fer-nawthin's, it put me in mind of a fine blooded dog that had got hurted and was bein' pestered by a passel er yaller curs.

"He didn't make 'em no answer, bein'

used ter their gab, I reckon, but jest sot down the wooden box that he carried his letters in and waited fer the mail. Then they commenced ter plague him, askin' him what kind er grub Peters was givin' his boarders these days. Eben Peters run the poorhouse then same as now.

"How's the herrin', Seth?" says Wixon. "They tell me, fellers," he says, "that Peters gives his folks a steady diet er salt herrin'. I hear Eb says herrin' is as profitable fodder as he can find. Takes 'em so long ter pick out the bones that the dinner hour's over 'fore they've had time ter eat scursely anything. Haw, haw, haw!"

"I couldn't stand it no longer. I broke in here myself. 'I tell yer what 'tis, 'Punkin', I says, 'Seth gits so much calf's tongue from you fellers that herrin' must seem mighty good. I know 'twould relieve me,' I says, 'ter git somethin' salt after I'd spent an hour with anything as fresh as you be.'"

"Well, they didn't make much answer. They don't like ter tackle me very often 'cause they know what I think of 'em. But fin'ly Eri Baker, who's old enough ter know better, perks up a leetle and says:

"Seth's feelin' good ter-night. One of his old gals is comin' down ter board with him."

"That so? Who is it?" says 'Squealer.'

"Tempy Myrick. She's goin' ter be took ter the poorhouse ter-morrer. There! What'd I tell yer? See how that makes him brace up!"

"Well, sir, I looked over at Seth Chase, and I'm blessed if his face wan't the color of a sheet er paper. He didn't seem ter notice anybody er anything, but jest limped across the store ter where Baker was standing, and says:

"Excuse me, Mr. Baker, but you're jokin', er course?"

"Jokin' nawthin'!" says Baker. "I met Sol Mullet, and he's Overseer er the Poor, and he told me that Tempy wan't able ter support herself no longer, and that the S'lectmen had decided she'd got ter go. So Peters is goin' ter send his team after her ter-morrer. Yer want ter spunk right up now, Seth. Ain't no tellin' but we'll have a poorhouse weddin' one er these days."

"I don't s'pose the feller knew any better—if he had he wouldn't er said it—but a blind man oughter seen that every word was cuttin' Seth ter pieces like a knife. His poor old face whitened out more'n ever. if

that was possible, and he staggered like he'd been hit.

"Thank yer, Mr. Baker," he says, sorter dazed like. Then he limped ter the door, opened it and went out.

"Baker looked around like he expected applause fer havin' done a smart thing, but he didn't git none. I reckon even his own gang was a leetle mite ashamed of him.

"Eri," I says, "I know now why the committee give you the fust prize at the Barnstable Cattle Show fer the biggest punkin'. 'Twas yer head they meant." Then I went outdoors ter look up Seth.

"By the light that streamed through the store winders I see him leanin' agin one er the corner posts er the platform. I went up and touched him on the shoulder.

"There, there, Seth," I says, "don't yer mind 'em. They ain't wuth it."

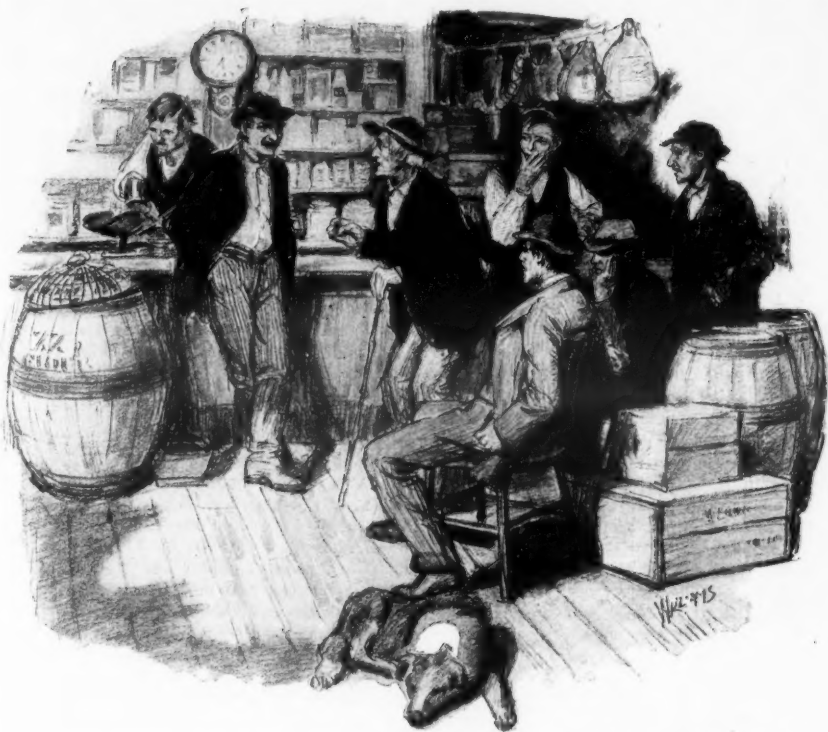
"He turned round, and I could see there was tears in his eyes. 'Obed,' he says—fust time he'd called me by my Christian name sence he went ter the poorhouse—'Obed,' says he, 'do yer think it's true—'bout Tempy, I mean?"

"Why, yus, Seth," I says, "I'm 'fraid it is. Mullet told me some time ago that she hadn't been able ter pay her rent fer a long spell, and that he couldn't see what she lived on. Said she'd surely starve, bein' too proud ter tell anybody her trouble, if the town didn't step in and do somethin'. He said then he cal'lated she'd have ter go sooner or later."

"Seth didn't make no answer fer a minute. Then he said, like he was talkin' ter himself, 'It'll kill her sure.'"

"Oh, no," I says—"course I knew what he meant, but I made b'lieve I didn't—I guess not quite so bad as that. 'Course Peters don't give yer the fat er the land, but he's as lib'ral as he can afford ter be, and, compared ter what Tempy's been gittin' along on, 'twill be a comfortable home and a feast every day."

"A comfortable home!" he says, after me, kinder slow and scornful. "Obed Nickerson, yer know what I used ter be and yer see what I am now. I'm nawthin' but a wuthless cripple, only fit ter hobble up here on errands, but do yer s'pose if they'd let me starve on a root that I dug myself that I'd be town's poor? Do yer s'pose I don't feel the word "poorhouse" burnin' on my forehead everywhere I go? They say poverty ain't no disgrace. That's a lie! It's the wust disgrace in the world; stealin's s' nawthin' ter it. Where's my money that I



"'Jokin' nawthin'" says Baker. 'I met Sol Mullet, and he told me that the S'lectmen had decided she'd got to go.'

worked so hard fer and scrimped myself so ter save? Ask Tim Bascom. Where's Tempy's money—all she had in the world! Ask Tim Bascom. Where did Bascom git the money that made him rich? Ask anybody in town, they'll tell yer. Yit Tim Bascom is the biggest man in this place, and everybody—church folks and all—take their hats off ter him, while they sneer at me the way them fellers in there done jest now.'

"'Hold on, Seth,' I says, 'that ain't fair. Nobody sneers at yer that's wuth the powder ter blow 'em ter Kingdom Come. That gang in there sneer at everything that's any account. If I thought they didn't slur me behind my back I'd feel as if I was losin' my self-respect.'

"He didn't pay no attention ter me, jest went right on.

"'I can stand it myself, but when I think er her havin' ter bear the shame of bein' a pauper it drives me distracted. She's proud

and I'm afraid the disgrace 'll kill her. I've thought sometimes that my troubles was a sorter punishment on me fer leavin' her—God knows I repented it before I'd been away an hour, only I was a fool and wouldn't go back—but she ain't done nawthin' wrong; why should she be punished? Sometimes I think God's dead! But there,' he says, 'don't mind me. I'm makin' a fool er myself. Ask Howes ter take my box down ter-night, please; somehow I don't feel equal ter it. Good-night.' And off he walks.

"'I hollered and asked him where he was goin', but he never answered; jest limped off inter the dark. Poor old critter! I swan, I don't think I ever pitied anybody more in my life! While I stood there, thinkin' the affair over, somebody says, 'Nickerson.' I jumped and turned round, but all I see was a leetle ball er fire off in the darkest corner er the porch. I went over ter it and 'twas a

cigar, and who d'yer think was behind it? Tim Bascom, by ginger!

"D'jer ever see Tim? No, I reckon not, 'cause him and his folks went ter Eurrup right after this thing I'm tellin' 'bout happened and ain't got home yit. But yer've seen his place. The big one on the hill, with the greenhouses and the windmill, and the fishpond, and a servants' lodge, and Lord knows what all. Tim was born here in town, but when he was a young feller he went ter New York ter live with his uncle, who run a big barroom up there and was 'way up in pol'tics. Guess the old man give Tim some valerble advice, 'cause 'twan't more'n ten year 'fore Tim was a alderman and runnin' a bigger ginmill than his uncle. He didn't have a cent when he left here, but after he got inter pol'tics seem if it must er rained dollars and he'd had his hat under the spout. He built his big house here about nine years ago and allers used ter spend his summers in it. Folks call him all sorts er names behind his back, but 'fore his face they're sweeter 'n ile, and allers take their hats off ter him jest as Seth said.

"Well, there he sot with his chair tilted back in the dark corner, and I knew he must er heard all that had been goin' on.

"Who was that?" he says.

"Seth Chase, Mr. Bascom," says I.

"Poorhouse chap that carries the mailbox?"

"Yus, sir."

"Who was the woman he was talkin' about?"

"Tempy Myrick, her that was Tempy Cahoon," says I.

"Well," he says, "there's more'n that ter tell, ain't there? Set down and have a cigar and give us the story." So down I sot in the chair next ter his and told the hull thing. Seth had left Orham when Tim was a boy, so he didn't remember much about him. I told him what a smart feller Seth was when he was young, and about him and Tempy's bein' engaged ter be married, and how struck of a heap everybody was when the engagement was broke off and Seth left town fer good and went ter sea.

"'Twas only a lovers' quarrel, I cal'late," says I, "but Seth was proud and foolish and wouldn't come back. Tempy fooled single fer years, but last she married Cap'n Frank Myrick, Reuben Myrick's son, who had been beggin' her ter marry him fer ever so long. A few year after this happened Seth come ter Orham agin. He had hurt his leg, so, as he wan't much good fer sailorin' no more,

he took a leetle place up town and tried farmin'. He'd saved a leetle money and had that well invested, as he thought. But luck was ag'in' him, and he had the stroke er paral'sis that put him outer business. It knocked him over flat and laid him up fer a year, and in that year a lot er things happened. Myrick was lost ter sea. He wasn't insured, and all the money he left—which wan't much—was invested in the same place that Seth's was."

"What place was that?" asks Bascom.

"Wall, ter tell yer the truth, 'twas the Bay Side Investment Company, Mr. Bascom," I says. I was cur'us ter see how he'd take that, 'cause he was a director in that company and 'twas town talk—and true, too—that he sold a raft er the stock short jest off'n his neighbors.

"Um, hum," was all he says. "Go on."

"There ain't much more ter tell," I says. "When the company went ter pot it took a lot'er Cape Cod money along with it, and Seth's and Tempy's along with the rest. Seth was a pauper and wan't able ter work, so, as he hadn't no kin, they took him ter the poorhouse. Tempy's kep' herself alive afore it bu'sted and made a pile er money by takin' in sewin', but now her eyes are givin' out, and she's got ter go, too. Mighty hard case, I call it."

"Bascom never said nawthin'; jest sot there, lookin' up at me from under his bushy eyebrows, with his di'mon' shirtpin flashin' every time he pulled at his cigar, and the smoke rollin' up through his big red mustache fer all the world like a haystack on fire. At last he says:

"Chase seems ter think a lot of her yit."

"Yus," says I, "yer heard what he said. She does fer him, too, I cal'late. Mother—that's my wife—she allers says that Tempy cared more fer Seth's leetle finger than she done fer Myrick's whole body. Cur'us thing, love is."

"Yus," says Tim, dry as a sandpit in August, "so I should jedge. I've heard tell of love in a cottage, but love in a poorhouse strikes me as somethin' new." Then he got up and stretched himself and asked me whereabouts Tempy lived. I told him and he says, "What time is Peters goin' ter send fer her?"

"Baker said in the afternoon," I told him.

"Um-hum," he says. "Wall, Nickerson, if yer ain't got nawthin' better ter do at that time, I'll call round fer yer at three

o'clock ter-morrer, and we'll drive down there.'

"I stared at him in a kind er wonder, as yer might say, and then I says, 'Yer'll excuse me, Mr. Bascom, but yer ain't goin' jest out er curiosity, be yer? Tempy's awful sensitive and——'

"He looked me over kinder like he was noticin' the fit er my clothes, and then says, sarcastic, 'I gin'rally have a reason that'll bear inspection fer goin' anywhere. No,' he says, catchin' the look in my eye, 'I ain't goin' ter do the Santy Claus act and give her money, either. I never had the philanthropy disease, and, as there don't seem ter be nobody sufferin' from it in this town, I reckon I ain't caught it lately. I'm goin' down ter this Myrick woman's ter-morrer. If yer want ter go yer can. If not, I'll try ter bear up under the loss of yer company.'

"Wall, I s'pose I've got as big a bump er 'want ter know' as the next feller, so I said I'd go. He nodded and lit another cigar. After he'd puffed away fer a minute er two he says, 'I gathered from yer poorhouse friend's remarks that he wan't partic'lar partial ter me.'

"I tried ter explain, sayin' Seth didn't mean nawthin', was excited and so on, but he stopped me.

"Don't strain yerself, Nickerson,' he says, 'huntin' fer excuses. I ain't posin' fer a halo and don't bear a grudge. I reckon he said what two-thirds er my beloved feller townsmen say when they think I ain't in hearin'. I noticed you wan't over enthusiastic in my defense yerself.'

"There wan't much answer ter make ter that, so I didn't make none.

"The trouble with you moral folks,' he went on, 'is jest this: Yer morals ain't cash proof. I've seen yer in pol'tics and out, and yer conscientious scruples stand up fine till somebody jingles a bag er dollars up against 'em, and then they fall down. It's only a question er the size er the bag. How many er these folks in this town who talk the bitterest against me would refuse an invite ter dine at my house? How many of 'em cut me on the street? I ain't seen nobody do it yit. And why—'cause they love me? No, sir-ee! 'Cause I've got the scads.

I dunno who 'twas said that every man had his price, but I do know that whoever he was he'd oughter been made Pres'dent. Good-night.'

"He stuck his hat a leetle more on one side and walked off, with his hands in his pockets. I went in and told Howes about Seth's box, and then I went home ter bed.

"Well, mother'n me talked it over the next day, but we couldn't make out what Tim Bascom wanted ter see Tempy fer. Sometimes we guessed one thing and sometimes another, but we allers ended by givin' it up. Punctule at three he drove up ter the door in the swellest rig ever yer see: Span er hosses, nigger on the box, and the whole caboodle er fuss and feathers.

"How are yer, Nickerson?" he says, in his condescendin' way. He didn't speak but



"Folks call him all sorts er names behind his back, but 'fore his face they're sweeter'n ile."

once on the way down. That was when we met the Centre Church minister. The minister give him a mighty low bow and says, 'A fine day, Mr. Bascom,' and smiled sweeter'n a basket er chips. Tim give him a frosty nod and then laffed on one side of his face.

"Humph!" he sniffed. "That feller preached ag'in me last month. He didn't mention no names, but he talked about 'our local instance of the vulgar display of ill-gotten wealth,' and had a heap ter say about 'dirty money.' I got a letter from him three days ago askin' me ter subscribe fifty dollars towards their new organ. He didn't seem ter be afraid er the dirt then."

"Tempy's house looked like wax. Poor old soul! she'd found time, even with starvation hangin' over her, ter plant a few bachelor's buttons round the front steps and ter train up some nasturshuns by the kitchen winder. We knocked at the back door, and Tempy herself come ter open it. Her face was pale and her eyes sorter red, but she looked as peaceful and sweet as ever. It hurt me, though, ter see how thin she was. 'Course she was awful s'prised when she see who 'twas. Reckon she expected ter see Peters. She asked us in and apolergized fer the looks er the house, but she needn't have, fer yer could have et off the floor, 'twas so clean."

"Step inter the settin'-room, please," says she, "Seth—Mr. Chase, I mean—is there."

"Sure enough, when we got in, there was Seth. It must a-taken him a long while ter hobble way down there from the poorhouse. He acted s'prised enough ter see us, but 'specially Bascom. Neither Tempy ner he seemed ter know what ter make er Bascom's bein' there. I interduced 'em both ter Tim."

"Glad ter know yer, ma'am. How are yer, Chase?" he says, settin' down in the rocker and crossin' his legs. "Don't object ter terbacker, I hope?" He didn't wait ter see whether she did er not, but bit the end off a cigar and sot there, puffin' out great clouds er smoke and lookin' the two over like they was a yoke er steers he was thinkin' er buyin'. Now mind yer, I don't s'pose he meant ter hurt their feelin's; 'twas only his way; but I see Seth gittin' oneasy and Tempy reddened up like a girl."

"Mrs. Myrick," says he at last, "I come down ter see yer on a matter er business. Set still, Chase, you're in it, too. I understand, ma'am, that you're goin' ter he took ter the poorhouse this afternoon."

"I could er punched him fer blurtin' it

out that way. Tempy blushed fiery red and the tears jumped ter her eyes, but she says, ca'm and quiet, 'Yus, sir.'

"'You're there a'ready, Chase?"

"'Yus,' says Seth, purty short and sharp."

"Um-hum. Well, I was on the office platform last night and heard what yer said ter Nickerson here. Yer paid yer respects ter me, but that's all right. I ain't thinskin and I don't bear malice. Nickerson told me the facts er the case after yer left, and I understand that yer both lost yer money in the Bay Side Company. Now, as a rule, I don't waste sympathy on fools that risk their money and then lose it. I had money in the Bay Side Company and I kep' my eye on it; if I hadn't 'twould er gone with the rest. As 'twas, I made a good slice when she smashed; and if other folks wan't smart enough ter do the same thing 'tain't my fault. However, I reelize that mebbe you don't see it jest as I do, and so I've decided ter make yer both an offer. Me and my fam'ly's goin' abroad, and I want a honest couple ter live in my servants' lodge and sorter superintend the establishment. No work ter do; only jest keep an eye on the gard'ner and the other help, and see that they keep the place lookin' good. Wages'll be thirty dollars a month and board fer the two er yer. 'Course yer ain't married yit, but that's soon remedied. I gather that you're willin' ter be,' he says, with that one-sided, sarcastic laff er his."

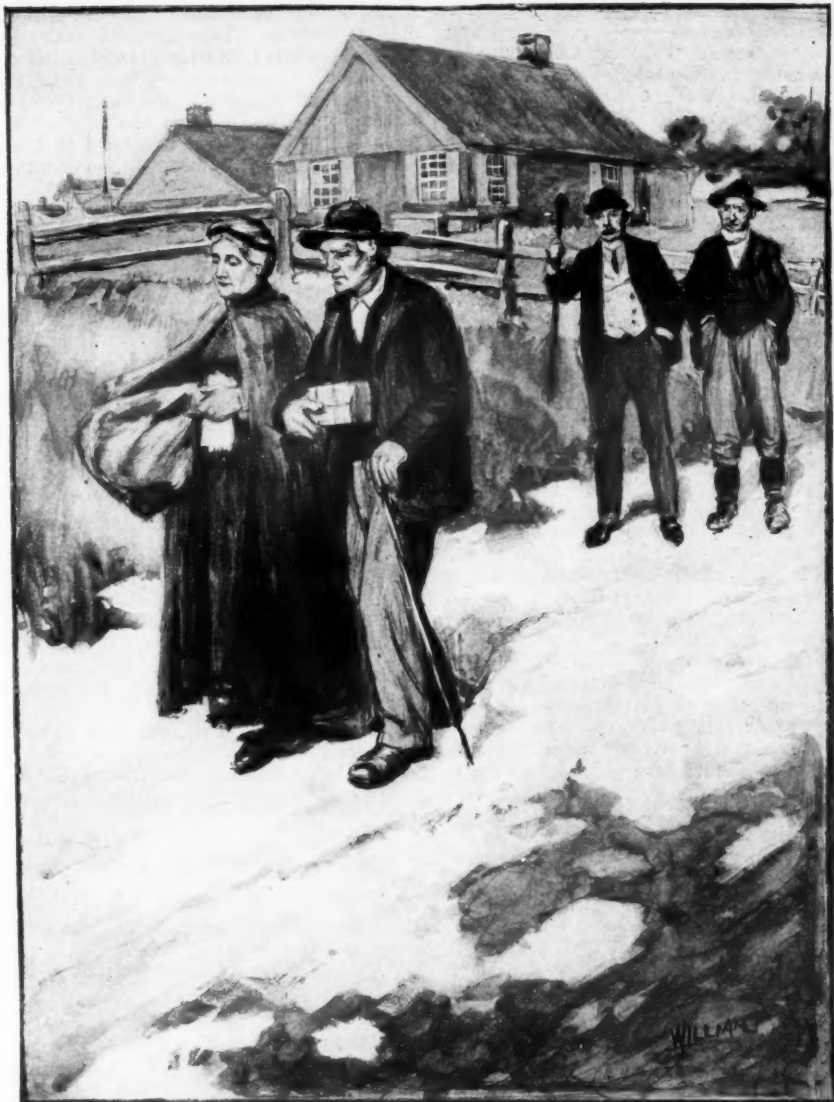
"They both sot perfectly still while he was speakin', 'cept that, when he slurred that out about marryin', Tempy sorter winced as if he'd hit her, and I see Seth's hand tighten on the arm of his chair. Bascom got up ter go, and says, knockin' the ashes off his cigar onto the floor, 'Yer might's well come right along this afternoon,' he says, 'there ain't no use in waitin'. I'll have my man drive down and tell Peters about it.'

Yer could see that he thought 'twas all settled, fer he started fer the door, but jest then Tempy says, with a sorter troubled look on her face, 'Excuse me, Mr. Bascom, but is it true that you knew the company was goin' ter fail before it done it?'

"Tim looked as if he wondered what diff'rence that made, but he says, 'Sure.'

"And yer knew how many of yer neighbors and feller townsmen were interested in it and didn't warn 'em?'

"Warn 'em! Why, say! if I'd given them the tip they'd have rushed ter sell, and the bottom would have dropped out er the



"Fifty dollars, by thunder!" says Bascom.

market, and I'd have lost a chance ter make a good thing. Warn 'em! I looked out fer number one, and that's good business every time.'

"Then, Mr. Bascom," says Tempy, kinder trembly as ter voice, but mighty firm round

the lips, 'I am much obliged fer yer offer, but I can't accept it.'

"Bascom had his hand on the latch, but he dropped it as though 'twas red hot.

'What?' he yells.

"'I can't accept it.'

"Why not, fer the Lord's sake?"

"Well, because—yer'll excuse me if I hurt yer feelin's—I shouldn't feel right ter take money made in that way."

"Well—I—swear! Chase, you ain't a fool if the woman is. What d'you say?"

"Jest as Tempy does, Mr. Bascom," says Seth. "I thank yer fer the offer, but I can't accept it."

"Humph! Yer've changed yer mind sence last night. Then 'twas anything rather than the poorhouse."

"Yus," says Seth, quiet, but with leetle sparks sorter lurkin' round the corners of his eyes. "Yus. Last night I said a heap er rash and bitter things that I'm sorry fer now. I come down here ter-day feelin' jest as bitter and jest as wicked, but when I found how ca'm and resigned Tempy was, I was ashamed er myself. Her and me's been talkin' it over and we've decided that, after all, p'raps God's way is the best way, and the poorhouse mayn't be so bad. We'll spend our old age tergether, and we have the satisfaction of knowin' that our hands and consciences are clean. All them whose respect is wuth havin' will respect us, so let the rest sneer if they want ter."

"Yer pauper idiots!" roars Bascom, 'where's yer gratitude?"

"Seth was goin' ter answer, but Tempy stopped him. 'As ter gratitude, sir,' she says, 'you offer us a very leetle er your money after takin' all of ours. The obligation is on your side. Honesty and self-respect is all Seth and me have left, and we can't afford ter sell 'em. Your conscience is yer own, but pauper as I be, I wouldn't change places with yer, Mr. Bascom.'

"By gum, that hit him! Yus, sir, as sure as I'm a livin' man, Tim Bascom turned red and looked sheepish as a whipped schoolboy. I guess his pride was touched ter think that he, the feller who boasted that his money made the whole town bow down ter him, should be ca'mly put one side by two paupers

bound ter the poorhouse. But even yit he didn't b'lieve it. 'Twas somethin' entirely new and out'er his experience, and that simply couldn't be real.

"Humph!" he says, with a sneer, 'I see. I thought yer was a purty bad couple fer business, but I see you're as shrewd as the next one, after all. Well, I'll be liberal. Forty dollars a month, 'stead er thirty.'

"It ain't a question er wages, Mr. Bascom," says Seth.

"Jest then there was a knock at the door. 'Twas Peters' boy, come with the poorhouse team, after Tempy. Her leetle old trunk was ready, and the boy carried it out. Then she and Seth walked down ter the wagon. She was tryin' not ter cry, poor critter, when she stopped ter pick a few of her posies fer the last time. Bascom had follered 'em ter the door.

"Forty-five dollars," he says.

"Tempy was helped inter the wagon and so was Seth. The boy picked up the reins.

"Fifty dollars, by thunder!" says Bascom.

"Git dap," says Seth ter the hoss, and they drove off down the road. I s'pose they was impractical and foolish and all that, but I felt like givin' 'em three cheers right then and there. I watched 'em till they went over the hill out er sight, and then I turned ter Tim. His face was a picter. His cigar had gone out, his fat cheeks hung flabby, and he was starin' after that team like a man who couldn't b'lieve he was awake. Fer once he'd found somethin' that he didn't understand. I couldn't resist givin' him a dig.

"Mr. Bascom," says I, 'it kinder looks as if there was a couple that didn't have a price.'

"He didn't hear me, but jest kep' on starin' down the road. Fin'ly he come ter himself and fetched a long breath.

"Well—I—am—damned!" says Tim Bascom."

GOLDEN ROD

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

It is the twilight of the year,
And through her wondrous wide abode
The autumn goes, all silently,
To light her lamps along the road.

THE WOOING OF WIDOW FISHER

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT

THE Widow Fisher was bending over a washtub in the shade of a pin-oak tree.

She was so intent on her work that she did not observe a man come down the road, turn in at the gate and stop just behind her. So quiet had been his approach, and so silently had he stood watching her, that she had no intimation of his presence until he suddenly sang out:

"There was a ole woman
Bendin' over a tub,
An' all she knowed to do
Was jest to rub, rub, rub."

The Widow Fisher gave a start, emitted a little cry of alarm and looked quickly around.

"Ho, Jake Larkin, it's you, is it," she cried, recovering herself instantly. "Think you're pow'ful smart, I reckon, drat yo' onery pictur', to come a-sneakin' up on a-body that erway, a-skeerin' me plumb outen my skin."

"Ha, ha, ha-a!" he laughed. Then quickly added:

"Ole widder got skeered
Clean outen her skin,
So she jumped out
An' I jumped in."

She gave him a freezing look and said severely:

"Even if a body is a dratted mis'able fool, it hain't no sign they got to break their onery necks a-lettin' ever'body know hit."

"Jest so, Mis' Fisher," he replied, promptly. "Glad you look at it that erway, shore, 'cause I'd hate pow'ful to see you break yo' neck. Glad to see you takin' sech a sensible view o' things."

"Humph!" she sniffed contemptuously, and immediately resumed her work.

Larkin took out his knife, picked up a stick and began to whittle. She rubbed away industriously, and for a few minutes there was perfect silence between them. Presently, however, she turned on him and said:

"Jake Larkin, whar is the squire?"

Jake looked out up the road and continued to whittle.

"Mis' Fisher," he said, "reckon you

hain't seed nothin' o' my ole yaller mule moseyin' 'round yere nowhar?"

She straightened up, placed her hands on her hips and faced him squarely.

"Drat your ole yaller mule!" she exclaimed, angrily. "You answer my question."

"Yo' question?" he replied, looking up at her with an air of innocent surprise. "Did you ax a question, Mis' Fisher?"

"Humph! Jest as though you didn't hear me!" she said, disgustedly. "You kin be pow'ful ignorant when you want to, Jake Larkin, even if you hain't got as much sense as a sick calf. I axed you whar is the squire?"

"Oh! You want to know whar the squire is?"

"'Co'se I do. Whar is he?"

"Dunno. Home, mebby."

"Hain't he comin' over yere?"

"Not to-day, I guess."

"Why hain't he?"

"Dunno, Mis' Fisher. Reckon it don't jest suit all 'round."

"Didn't you promise to fetch him over yere to-day to marry us?"

"B'lieve I did, come to think of it. Guess that thar is jest 'bout what I done."

"Then, why hain't you a-fetchin' him, 'stid o' pokin' 'round yere by yo'sef' this erway?"

"Jest told you it didn't suit, I reckon."

"Why hain't it suitin', I'd like to know?"

"Wal, I 'lowed mebby the squire mought be sort o' busy haulin' in some fodder or gittin' up some hay or somethin', an' I kinder hated to bother him."

"Humph! Squire hain't never too busy to make a dollar by marryin' us, you kin bet."

"Then, my ole yaller mule got out last night, an' I got to hunt him up, you know."

"Is huntin' that ole yaller mule more important than marryin' a wife?"

"I dunno as it is more important, but it's more pressin'."

"'Tis, air it?"

"Shore. No danger o' you gittin' erway, but the mule mought."

"Don't you go to bein' too shore o'

that. I mought teck a notion not to marry you."

"Ha, ha, ha-a! No danger o' that, I guess. Hain't no woman as keen for a husband as you air, goin' to throw over a chance to git married, you bet."

"Guess I must be pow'ful keen for a husband when I am willin' to marry sich likes as you, Jake Larkin. Lord, I don't know what makes me sich a fool as to ever want to marry you, nohow. You're ugly enough to skeer the cats all into fits, an' then you're so sotten triffin'. I reckon I'm a plumb idiot to marry any sicher onery old critter."

"Beggars can't be choosers, Mis' Fisher, an' them as can't git what they want has to take sich as they can git. Hain't many men wantin' to marry a old woman so homely that it sours sweet milk for her to look at it. Heigh-ho! Wal, I guess I better be joggin' 'long after that old yaller mule. Hain't seed nothin' of 'im, you say?"

"Drat that ole yaller mule! What I want to know is when you air goin' to fetch the squire over yere to marry us?"

"Oh! Wal, I can't say edzactly. If I find that mule to-day, an' the squire hain't too busy, an' nothin' don't turn up, an' I feel middlin' well, I mought fetch 'im over to-morry, mebbey."

"Wal, all I got to say is you better fetch him to-morry if you expect to marry me. This makes four times you've set the day, an' then failed to come, an' all on account of that dratted old yaller mule. First, he got out an' went off, an' then he got sick, an' then he got hurt, an' now he's run off ag'in. Lord, if we're goin' to fool 'round an' let that ole mule everlastingly break into our weddin' arrangements we won't never git married ertall. I'm sick an' tired o' foolin', an' if you want to marry me you got to do it 'fore this time to-morry. I'm talkin', Jake Larkin, an' you hear me."

"Yes, I hear you, Mis' Fisher, an' to-morry we'll git married—if nothin' don't happen."

"Don't matter whether nothin' don't happen or not. We'll marry to-morry or never, no matter what that ole mule does. I hain't goin' to put up with havin' no ole one-eyed, knock-kneed, slab-sided critter like that steppin' in an' opsettin' my weddin' day. We'll marry to-morry or not ertall, even if that dratted old mule hangs hisse'f."

"Oh, wal, we'll see 'bout that, Mis' Fisher. Talk's pow'ful cheap, you know."

"So's wives, sometimes, 'pears lack. Cheaper'n mules."

"Wal, yes; reckon they air. Mules cost money. I give seventeen dollars for that ole yaller mule, an' you won't cost me but a dollar."

"If you git me."

"Oh, I'll git you. I hain't skeered o' that."

"'Member what I said, then. To-morry or never."

"To-morry, or when it suits me, you mean."

"To-morry or never."

"Ha, ha, ha-a! We'll see 'bout that. Wal, I'll be a-joggin' on, I guess. Can't stay yere a-makin' love all day. Far'well."

He slouched out of the yard and swung slowly off down the road singing:

"Widder wants to marry,
Thinks I'm er fool,
Jest have to wait
Till I find my ole mule."

She looked after him and nodded her head knowingly.

"Right thar, ole feller," she said to herself, "is whar you air goin' to bust yo' 'lasses jug."

She resumed her work, and for a few minutes rubbed away with more than common energy. Then she rose up, wiped her arms on her apron and stood for a little while thinking. Presently she said aloud:

"Lord, but I wish thar was some other fool man critter I could marry! Drat if I wouldn't do it in a minute, jest to learn ole Jake a trick or two. I'd knock his ole nose so fer out o' j'int that he wouldn't git it back in place for a week. I jest wish some ole fool 'u'd come 'long an' want to marry me."

"That's one time you got yo' wish, Mis' Fisher," a heavy voice spoke just behind her.

She jumped and looked around, and her eyes fell on a bearded old fellow who stood leaning against a tree.

"What you ole cubs mean," she demanded, "a-comin' a-sneakin' up on me this erway?"

"I dunno nothin' 'bout no other ole cubs," he replied, "but I never sneaked up on you. I jest walked up. But as I said, you got yo' wish this time."

"What wish yo' talkin' 'bout, Bob Slawson?"

"You wished some ole fool 'u'd come 'long an' want to marry you, didn't you?"

"S'pose I did?"

"Wal, I'm the man."

"You want to marry me?"

"Shore."

"When?"

"Right now."

"Have to git the squire, won't you?"

"Squire's comin'. Spoke to 'im as I come by an' told 'im to come on over."

"How'd you know I was goin' to have you?"

"Didn't know it, but 'lowed yo' sho'ly would. Couldn't see no call yo'd have for makin' no kick. Anyhow, I reckoned if yo' didn't have me the squire wouldn't charge nothin' for comin'. Guess it's all right, though, hain't it?"

"Co'se it is."

"An' yo'll marry me?"

"Shore."

"Right now?"

"Quicker'n scat."

"That's business."

"Business is what I b'lieve in. I hain't no hand for fiddlin' an' foolin' 'round. It don't take a minute to marry, an' thar hain't no use o' monkeyin' 'round fer a week a-gittin' ready fer it."

"That's sensible, Mis' Fisher—plumb sensible. But yere comes the squire."

The squire rode up to the fence and stopped, but did not dismount.

"Mornin', Mis' Fisher," he said.

"Mornin', squire," she replied.

"Yo' aimin' to splice up with ole Bob?" he asked.

"'Lowed I mought," she answered.

"Then hitch yo' fists an' le's git it done."

The bride and groom joined hands, and, with a few hurried words, the squire made them man and wife. When he had pocketed his fee he turned away, saying:

"I've done my part, an' for the rest of it you two ole cubs 'ill have to fight it out atween you. Guess neither'n of you hain't gained nothin' nor lost much."

"I've busted ole Jake Larkin's 'lasses jug all to smash, anyhow," the bride replied, "an' that's satisfaction enough for me, yo' bet."

"An' I've got a housekeeper 'thout havin' to hire one," old Bob added, "an' I reckon that's enough for me."

An hour later, as the bride was busily scrubbing away at the tub, and her new husband was stirring up the fire under

the kettle, Jake Larkin came down the road leading his old yellow mule. He stopped at the gate, and leaning over the fence, said:

"I found my ole mule, Mis' Fisher."

"Drat yo' ole mule," she replied.

"Hain't yo' glad I found 'im?"

"Hain't keerin' nothin' 'bout it, Jake Larkin. Hain't keerin' nothin' 'bout you nor yo' ole mule, nuther."

"Hain't ye? 'Lowed yo'd be pow'ful glad, 'ca'se now I kin bring the squire over to-morry, if nothin' don't happen. Reckon that 'u'd sorter suit ye, wouldn't it?"

"Hain't keerin' nothin' 'bout what you do."

"Don't yo' want me to fetch the squire?"

"Don't keer nothin' 'bout it. 'Tain't no skin off o' my back no way you fix it."

"Why, what's ever come over you to make you talk that erway, Miss Fisher."

"Jake Larkin, I wish you'd have the manners to call me by my right name, if yo' please."

"Hain't I."

"Co'se you hain't."

"I called you 'Mis' Fisher,' didn't I?"

"Yo' did."

"Hain't that what I allus been callin' you?"

"Yes, but I done got a new name now."

"Yo' hev! What is it?"

"I'm Mis' Slawson."

"Lord! You sho'ly hain't gone an' married ole Bob!"

"I reckon I sho'ly have."

"Wal, I'll be doggoned! Say, is that a shore fact?"

"It air."

"Wal, if that don't stump me!"

"Kinder fooled yo' this load o' poles, didn't I?"

"Reckon yo' did, shore. Didn't 'low nobody else 'u'd have yo'. Say, I sorter hate it, too. 'Most as soon lost my ole yaller mule as to a-missed gittin' you."

"Drat yo' ole yaller mule."

"Played us a mean trick, didn't he? Went an' busted up the happiness o' two lovin', trustin' hearts, an' caused me to be left desolate an' alone with nobody to keer fer me. Wal, I guess I'll be a-joggin' on. Far'well."



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Bedroom in the State Apartments.

GREAT TYPES OF MODERN BUSINESS

V.—HOTELS

By GEORGE BARRY MALLON

IF one of New York's big modern hotels could be whisked to the country and spread out in village formation the result would be a model proprietary town of about 3,000 inhabitants. One-half of these inhabitants would work, in relays, night and day, for the comfort and entertainment of the other half, whose obligation would be the payment of the bills, which, in the aggregate, would represent, in addition to the running expenses and perhaps \$200,000 a year set aside for the proprietor's profits, the interest on \$15,000,000 invested in land, buildings and furnishings. Many cities cannot muster a tax list of \$15,000,000, so that this town would be conspicuous above all others for wealth, and in completeness of the details that make the material side of life a joy it would be unrivaled. Some of its houses would be constructed for one family exclusively, and others would be arranged in single rooms and in suites. All would be furnished in the most luxurious fashion. In the central warehouse of the town's steward would be found a greater assortment of supplies for the *cuisine* than in any public market in the world. There would be a row of cook shops, each devoted

to the preparation of a special course, ranging from the soups and *entrées* and roasts to the pastries and coffee. There would be half a dozen big banquet rooms and ballrooms, several music rooms and a well-appointed theatre or two. The town would have, of course, a telegraph office, a complete telephone system and some means of rapid transit to every house. Enormous boilers would supply the heat and an electric light plant would furnish the illumination. There would be an ice plant large enough to manufacture fifty tons a day. There would be silversmith, blacksmith and tinsmith shops, electrical repair and machine shops, florists, hairdressing rooms for men and women, Turkish baths, upholstery and furniture shops, decorators and seamstresses, a steam laundry, a messenger service, a printing office, a wine cellar, with half a million dollars worth of choice vintages, and a clubhouse with billiard and reading rooms and cafés. The town would be policed day and night by a dozen private detectives, and it would have a well-trained fire department. There would be a bank over whose counters would pass millions of dollars each year, and a central executive office, with scores of

clerks and bookkeepers and auditors. The proprietor of this town would assume all the housekeeping cares of his 1,500 tenants, and of many of his 1,500 employees. He would provide amusements and act as the court of last resort. It would seem as if the man who was rash enough to attempt the management of such a town, staking his fortune on the issue, must necessarily fail, but as a fair illustration it is not overdrawn. Its parallel is found in a compact form, with no features missing and many added, in the modern big hotel that has reached the highest development in New York.

No such splendid group of hotels can be found anywhere as has been built in New York City during the past fifteen years, each costing millions, and culminating in the largest and most expensive hotel in the world. This limit in size and cost is not likely to be surpassed in the near future, but the construction of big hotels has not lost its impetus, and, as I write, plans for \$40,000,000 worth of new ones have just been filed in New York. The significant

feature of this marvelous hotel development, which is enlisting so many millions of capital, is the fact that much of its support comes, not from the visitors to New York, but from her own citizens. It marks a social evolution that has been in progress for the past ten years. Many people of wealth that formerly kept up a house in town all the year round, now live in country

houses within easy reach of the city, and come to New York to live in a hotel during the months when the social season is gayest. Or if they are of the socially elect and choose to keep up a town house, they find that society, even in the exclusive sense, has so far outgrown Ward McAllister's "400" that it is more convenient to entertain it *en masse* at a hotel than in their own homes. Moreover, it is quite as good form. The hotel that bids for this kind of patronage is not so much a necessity as a luxury. "Shall I not take my ease at mine inn?" say these people, and the proprietor strives to answer the question in the affirmative, according to the ideas of ease his patrons may have and for which they can afford to pay. Then there is a rapidly growing class of wealthy people that find in a hotel the easiest solution of the eternal servant question. It is the pride of the country and the despair of our housekeepers that we have no distinct servant class such as may be found in England and on the Continent. The housemaid of to-day is ex-

pecting to marry the plumber and become the mother of the plutocrat of tomorrow. She shudders nicely at the word "servant," and refers to herself as "help," which is too often a sad misnomer. Her victims—and they are many—sacrifice their home life on the altar of her independence and seek refuge in a hotel. They acquire the hotel habit. From these conditions, some



A Staircase in Onyx.

of which are local, and because luxury creates an insatiable appetite for itself where wealth awaits the opportunity to develop it, has come a type of modern hotel, peculiar to New York, and the criterion elsewhere of what a hotel may afford when capital and skill join hands. The business of managing this hotel requires not only executive ability of a high degree, but a wide knowledge of social demands as well.

Neither the bigness nor the completeness of such a hotel is appreciated by the patron who finds his interest satisfied with the accommodations which it furnishes. He knows in a general way that it may be a dozen stories high and several cellars deep, and that the thousand or more guests are attended by servants on every hand, and when he pays his bill he believes that the charges are exorbitant. One of these hotels, which differs from the others chiefly in degree, represents an investment of \$15,000,000. The 1,400 bedrooms and 750 bathrooms in it are so constructed by a series of inner courts that each opens to the outer air. It has several concert halls and theatres, three great ballrooms, and, in addition to its public dining-rooms, where during Horse Show week, for instance, 10,000 people are served daily, it has a series of private dining-rooms, which are arranged for from ten to 1,000 persons. In the largest ballroom in this hotel was given one night last winter the Charity Ball, attended by 3,500 people to whom supper was served, and on the same evening in other parts of the hotel were in progress two concerts, a dinner of an association of 300 men, and a dozen smaller dinner parties in private dining-rooms, each isolated so completely that no one of the 1,500 regular guests need know of it.

Nor has the quality of the appointments in such a hotel been sacrificed to its size. A too conscientious art may complain that some of them are garish in effect, but it is the garishness of lavish expenditure and not of tinsel. The ballrooms, reception and dining-rooms are decorated and furnished as only the modern artist with all the past centuries of taste and art to guide him can decorate and adorn. There are private suites, private dining-rooms, saloons and bedrooms, costing from \$300 a week up to \$1,000, such as no palace of a king can excel. It would be useless, as it would fail to convey an adequate idea of the lavishness of modern hotel decoration, to go into the details of frescoes and wood carvings, of

tapestries and veneerings of precious stones, of Pompeian conceits in color and subject, of onyx and mosaic, of rich and quaint furniture, costly tableware, and Moorish, French and Venetian rooms, all so blended that nowhere is there incongruity except in such slight deviations as the critic delights to dwell on and magnify. One of these hotels has a suite of state apartments hung in old tapestries and furnished with rich dark, somber, carved pieces, rooms such as Louis XIV. could never have obtained for his royal occupation. There is a *prie-dieu* fitted for the oratorio of a most Catholic majesty. The beautifully carved bed, dark, heavy, and completely canopied, stands on a dais, and here representatives of royalty and a few others, of similar distinction, have reposed, and perhaps, as they looked about at the thousands of dollars worth of fineries, have thought of the joy of being great. This palatial apartment may never pay for itself directly, but it is necessary to the hotel's completeness, and as an advertising factor declares big dividends every year.

So unobtrusive is the machinery of one of these big hotels with the comparatively small office that the completeness and complexity of it must be studied to be understood. Only results are evident. For instance, the woman who arrives, tired from a hard journey, to find the room for which she has telegraphed lighted for her, a cheerful fire burning in the grate, all cards, letters and telegrams waiting on her table and a maid with hairpins, needles and, perhaps, a hairdresser ready to help her unpack her trunk, and assist in making her toilet for dinner, concerns herself only to wire the order. If she needs a seamstress, or a manicure or flowers or opera tickets, or a lunch served in her room, her orders do not go to the main office, where there might be a slight delay in responding to them, for many other tired women with the same wants have reached their rooms at the same time, but to the office on her floor, which is complete in all details and from which they are executed. As a labor and time-saving device this system of offices on each floor has proved a success.

One of the officers of the hotel who is seldom seen by the guest, but to whose watchfulness is due much of his comfort, is the housekeeper, who does on a large scale exactly what her name implies. She is the superintendent of many servants, of the chambermaids, of whom in the big hotels there is one for every twenty or twenty-

five rooms, of the paint cleaners or hall-maids on each floor, of the many women constantly at work in the linen room marking, hemming and sewing; of the women who do nothing but clean windows, and others who clean curtains and brass work, and of the many women who scrub floors from morning till night and after big banquets and balls until well toward morning again. She hires them all and discharges them, a somewhat simpler problem in hotels than in private houses, because the hours for all servants are regular, and for this reason the service is more desirable. The house-keeper is responsible not only for the order and cleanliness of all her rooms, but she is expected to notify the proper department of necessary repairs. It is not necessary to send outside of the hotel for any kind of repairs. If the furniture needs doing over or repairing it is moved to the furniture shop in the basement by men who do nothing all day long but move furniture. In this shop a dozen skilled workmen are busy. There are silversmiths, cabinet makers, tin-smiths and plumbers and blacksmiths, picture framers, steam fitters and brass workers and clock makers, in their own shops in the basement working day after day for the big hotel, and knowing little or nothing of the life that goes on in the dozen or more stories above them filled with the wealth-spending people of another world. There is a printing office whose presses run long hours printing menus, notices, and the various blanks used in the hotel's complex system of bookkeeping, and there are scene shifters for the private theatres that may be constructed in the large rooms between the close of an afternoon reception and the time to raise the first curtain.

The great building is a beehive of specialized industry of which the guest sees almost nothing. To him the only visible signs of activity are the servants who immediately attend to his wants. Every one of the thousand or more employees is working more or

less directly for his comfort as he sits in the hall after a well-cooked and well-served dinner, smoking his cigar and listening to the music of the Hungarian band. It is his hotel for the time he stays in it, and the room clerk and the cashier are his friends.



Byron photo.

A Bar in a Great Hotel.

It would not flatter his vanity so much when the room clerk, who greets him on his arrival, remembers his name and even his objections to his last room if he stood by the desk all day and heard him greet several hundred other men with the same indication of personal interest, but that is a part of the hotel business. I know one room clerk whose mind moves so automatically that when he is off duty he cannot recall the names of a dozen of the several hundred men whom he has named during the day from behind his desk and accurately associated with the numbers of their rooms.

Of course the keeping of books for 1,500 patrons who have all sorts of expenses charged to their accounts, from the ordinary hotel charges to telegrams, cabs, flowers, theatre tickets, packages delivered c. o. d., and money loaned, and of the 1,500 employees is a very complicated problem. That, however, is only a part of the bookkeepers' duties. To prevent any leakage which might seriously impair the small percentage of difference between success and failure all

big hotels employ a system of checking. Every order from the dining-room passes through the hands of two or three checkers before it reaches the kitchen in the shape of a requisition, which is held as a voucher for the delivery of the portion. After the order has been filled in the kitchen it is again inspected by another checker, who marks off each item on the order blank. When the bill, with the separate items added up, has been paid by the guest it goes to the cashier, who receipts it, tears off the stub for the waiter, and files the bill itself. Every twelve or twenty-four hours, according to the system, the original order in the guest's handwriting and the several memoranda made by the cashier and the checkers are turned in to the auditor's department, where they are compared for the purpose of discovering discrepancies. If a mistake is found there is no difficulty in discovering the responsible person. No supplies are given out except on a properly vouched-for requisition, and even the chambermaid who wants clean towels or the bellboy who wants a clean shirt has to turn in the soiled ones in exchange, and the head laundress enters the transaction in her books. The same system prevails in the steward's, butcher's, bar and all other departments which obtain supplies from the house and retail them to the guests, and on account of it systematic peculation of the hotel is almost impossible.

Each department is conducted independently of every other in its accounts, so that at a glance they may be compared as sources of revenue. In his books, which are really daily logs of the business, the proprietor can find a record of the number of dinners served on any day, of the receptions and banquets, of the coal burned and electric light used, of the stock on hand and repairs made, of the weather and, in fact, of every detail of the thousand or more that go to make up the business of running a big hotel. An audit company is constantly at work on the books and the proprietor of the most talked-about hotel told me that within two hours he could tell exactly where he stood financially. That is, he would know to a penny just what his profits were up to that hour, how much stock he had on hand, and how many bills he had outstanding.

The heart of one of these big hotels, that is, the supply rooms and kitchens, is usually below the main office floor, though in one or two of them the kitchens are on the top floors. Perhaps no feature of a hotel is invested by the guests with more mystery

than the kitchen. The spectacle of a big dining-room at the dinner hour when the orders, calling for everything that the best markets of the entire world produce, are served rapidly, cooked to a turn, suggests a prodigious amount of energy in the kitchen and the possibility of endless confusion, though the accuracy of service contradicts the latter suggestion. Not only are all the people around you dining as if their orders were receiving the exclusive attention of the cooks, but there are several other big dining-rooms filled, and there are banquets in the private dining-rooms at one of which a dinner of many courses is being served to 700 or 800 men, without delay or friction, each course appearing as if by magic at just the proper time. Possibly it may happen to be an evening when, for special reasons, there is more than the usual demand on the kitchens, and 5,000 or 6,000 dinners must be prepared. Not only does the preparation of so many dishes challenge the imagination, but it suggests a great quantity of waste supplies, perishable things, which are on the bill, and of which the hotel cannot afford to permit the supply to give out, but for which there may happen to be no demand. It is the chef's duty to attend to the preparation of the dishes and the steward's to furnish the supplies.

For his service the chef may receive \$10,000 a year, a big salary for cooking, but by no means out of proportion to his value to the hotel. He is supreme in his workshop, the kitchens, which are large, brilliantly lighted and scrupulously clean rooms with hardly a suggestion in the air of broiling and baking and roasting and frying that is going on all around. The chef, with sub-chefs over the butcher shops, the soups, the *entrées*, the roasts, the vegetables, the bake-shops and the pastries, and a hundred cooks are calling out orders in French, for they are nearly all French or Swiss, and French is the language of the kitchen as well as of the court wherever a good *cuisine* is attempted, and bustling around in their white caps and aprons, so intent on their work that the intrusion of a stranger is not noticed. The waiters in their black coats with their order cards and their trays thread their way in and out among the cooks, each hurrying to fill his order in the shortest possible time. It is a finely specialized kitchen, however, and all the skurrying back and forth and shrill calls in French for portions of many dishes seem confusing only for a moment. Then follows an appreciation of

the wonderful system of the place that insures the highest art in cooking, of the men who do nothing but roast all day with a knowledge of the exact number of minutes and even seconds required to produce the best results, of others who juggle copper skillets, and of others who fry and bake and carve and garnish, and of the *garde-manger* where the portions of meat and raw foods are prepared and dressed in readiness for the range.

Each cook attends only to the preparation of his own dishes, and as for the chef, he seldom cooks at all. He has an office of his own where he keeps his memoranda, his books and his special menus, and the secrets of his business. During the rush hours his place is in the center of the kitchen directing, watching, and when necessary, admonishing. If several big banquets are in progress, making it necessary to send hundreds of portions of each dish to them at once, it is the chef's duty to see that these courses are sent up promptly and to check off each

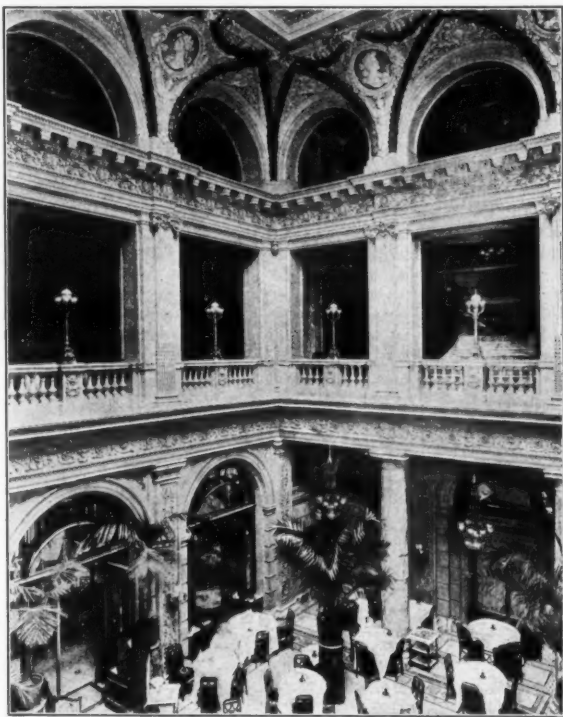
one on the bulletin board at the time it is sent. When he goes off duty one of his assistants takes his place. Besides the cooks there are a dozen men and women who do nothing but peel potatoes, others who make toast, and still others who attend to the big dish-washing machines. The butcher and his assistants have charge of the supplies of meats, some of which, for instance,

beef, are kept in the big refrigerators, where the temperature never varies a degree for three months before serving. In strong contrast with the dishes they have been preparing is the comparatively simple dinner of the cooks themselves. As they sit at the long table in their white aprons and caps, before each one is placed a bottle of claret. They are the only employees to whom the hotel serves wine. This is a right jealously guarded by the cooks, and, they allege, made necessary by their work over hot ranges.

There are other dining-rooms in the basement for the other employees, graded according to their work. There, too, are the Turkish baths for men and women, and the two big barber shops, one for the guests and the other for the employees, the difference being that a shave costs twenty-five cents in the former and ten cents in the latter. Below stairs are the many workshops where all the hotel repairing is done and collectively, strongly suggestive of an underground manu-

facturing town. The big ice plant, the electrical plant, the engines which run the elevators and the boilers which heat the house, make a formidable show of machinery. There is no idle period for these big engines, and they must run until they are worn out.

In the washing room of the laundry are perhaps a hundred men and women washing all day long with the aid



A Dining Hall.

of the big washing machines, and in the ironing rooms such pieces as cannot be ironed by machinery are ironed by fifty or sixty bare-armed girls that perform their work under the eyes of a head ironer who notes the condition of each piece and passes judgment on the way in which it has been ironed. The laundry accounts alone make a very respectable collection of figures each week.

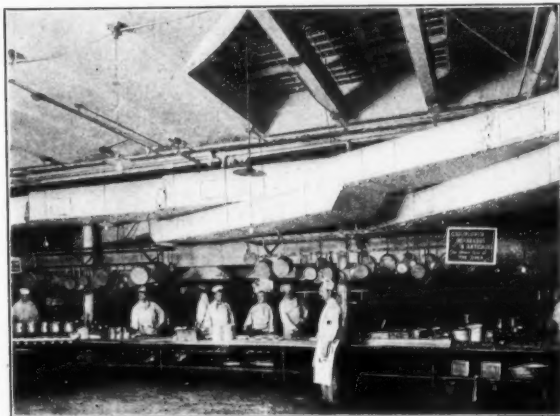
Reaching out under the street and perhaps forty feet below its level are the wine cellars and cigar rooms. Here are rare vintages and curio wines picked up abroad by the hotel's agents regardless of the cost. The connoisseur of rare wines will buy them on special occasions whether they sell for \$5 or \$20 a bottle, and though they may not appear on the regular wine list, a host, knowing the hotel's character, would not hesitate to ask for them. The temperature of these wine vaults is kept at just the proper degree for the ripening or preserving of the wines stored. The supply of wines for each day is placed in a separate enclosed bin, from which the champagnes are taken so chilled that they need very little additional icing. The store room for cigars is enclosed like a big refrigerator, and here again, by artificial means, the temperature is kept stationary at the right degree for tobacco. These cigars are manufactured at the hotel's own factory in Cuba, and they range in price from fifteen cents to one dollar each. The wine and cigars stored in these rooms are valued at \$750,000, and the supply is never allowed to run low.

In view of the enormous demands made by such a hotel, it would seem that the stewards' problem of how much to buy and when to buy was the most difficult to deal with. Certainly his method of solving it is the hardest to under-

stand. He will tell that the averages of the past years help him, and when you suggest that the public taste is fickle he will say that, he guesses at it or that he sometimes leads it. He may know the number of guests in the hotel to-day, but he must have his supplies a day in advance and only clever guesswork will give him approximately the number of guests of to-morrow, and whether they will make a run on *casseroles of Terrapin Maryland*, or some other expensive dish in season. His judgment is shaped by instinct, and more than that the steward can not say. Like the buyers for the big department stores, he goes abroad at least once a year to purchase foreign delicacies and the ordinary supplies of wine. He must know where he can buy the earliest and best strawberries and fruits, where the best vegetables may be obtained, for he is expected to follow the seasons around the world to supply the hotel's tables. Wherever it may be found he must get the best. The waste in such a hotel is comparatively unimportant, for with the aid of big refrigerators for preserving and the skill of French cooks in economizing and 1,500 employees to feed, hardly any supplies are permitted to spoil.

Statistics are not very entertaining, but there are some stories that they alone can tell, and that of the supplies is one of them. For instance, during the year 1900 one of these big hotels spent for meats, \$200,000; for poultry, \$113,000; for vegetables, \$80,000; for fruit, \$42,000; for eggs, \$12,000; for butter, \$57,000, and for the flowers

used in decorations, and there are flowers on the tables every day, \$30,000. The initial investment in silverware was \$250,000, and with the losses that, charitably, are credited to the souvenir craze, and the general wear and tear on table service,



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A Corner of the Kitchen.

about \$40,000 a year is spent in keeping this supply up to the hotel's standard. One New York hotel that suffered severely from the souvenir spoon and salt-cellar mania, adopted, several years ago, the plan of notifying guests that each waiter was responsible individually for all articles on his table, and would have to make good any loss. This reduced the taking of spoons to a robbery of the waiter instead of

the hotel, and even the souvenir hunter has some conscience about such a theft. In the biggest of New York hotels \$50,000 a year is spent in replenishing the linen, and looms in Belfast are busy the year round for it. The expenses of the other hotels for repairs are proportionately as large, for in the fierce business rivalry of the times none of them can afford to get shabby.

Perhaps in the service there is a wider difference between these big hotels than in any other detail except size. Most of them have as many employees as guests, and there are one or two which have more, making the average of attendance on each guest about one and one-fourth employees. The quality of the service is fixed not only by the manager of the hotel but by the guests themselves. It is a well-known fact that there are certain classes of people who will demoralize the best waiters that can be engaged, and when they take possession of a hotel strict discipline ends. They treat the waiters, who are good judges of character, with a familiarity that breeds contempt despite the most liberal tips. Each hotel has its own class of guests who stamp its character and one may gauge them pretty accurately by the general service in the dining-rooms.

The best waiters in New York are the Swiss, German and French. In addition to the regular complement every hotel has an extra list of waiters, employed only for big

dinners and suppers. The extra list of one of these hotels which employs regularly about 700 waiters numbers nearly 1,000 men, who serve in down-town restaurants

and cafés in the day time and in this hotel at night when they are needed. Their wages are small, but their tips are large, and a few of them are quite as prosperous as the guests whom they serve. Ten per cent. of the bill is the standard



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A Ballroom Converted Into a Theatre.

American tip, but in some of the fashionable restaurants and hotels a ten per cent. tip is so far below the average that it does not fill the waiter with gratitude nor make him anxious to serve the guest on his next visit.

If the patron of one of these hotels who growls about exorbitant charges when he pays his bill investigated the cost of the luxury around him he would come to the conclusion that the margin of profit for the proprietor was very small, and that he really paid very little for what the hotel afforded him. He may have had no use for many of its resources, and perhaps the orchestra, concerts, the beautiful pictures, and the artistic furniture and hangings did not add to his enjoyment, but they were all expensive to the proprietor and it was his privilege to share in them if he chose. He had a home equipped with more conveniences than the most luxurious palace. Even his simple breakfast order required the attention of more than twenty skilled employees. The entire machinery of the hotel and all its marvelous resources were at his command at a very slight advance over the wholesale cost to the proprietor. He enjoyed the fruits of the highest type of the "community of interest plan," about which he may talk hopefully for his railroad or his factories. If a thousand or more people with much the same tastes and a willingness to share the expenses had not been grouped

under the same roof with him the wealth of millions would not have given him the same resources for a luxurious living. A few thousand dollars might appoint a home and support a *cuisine* more to his taste, but that is not the point. The modern hotel is not constructed to cater to modest tastes, but to extravagant ones, and with the rapid increase of wealth it flourishes.

When Apicius centered the eyes of the Roman Empire on himself nineteen centuries ago by his prodigality as an epicure, all the wealth of ancient Rome could not have furnished him with a comparative suggestion of the possibilities of the *cuisine* of a modern hotel. This old gourmet and founder of schools of cooking is credited with spending an amount equal to \$5,000,000 on the gratification of his epicurian tastes, and when on a special occasion he had 2,000 song birds served to him in one dish the event was important enough to be chronicled as one of the interesting incidents of the reign of Tiberius. If Apicius had been a patron of a modern hotel he might have had the delicacies of the whole world on his table, in season and out, for a year at not more than the cost of his single banquet of song birds. When his palate demanded song



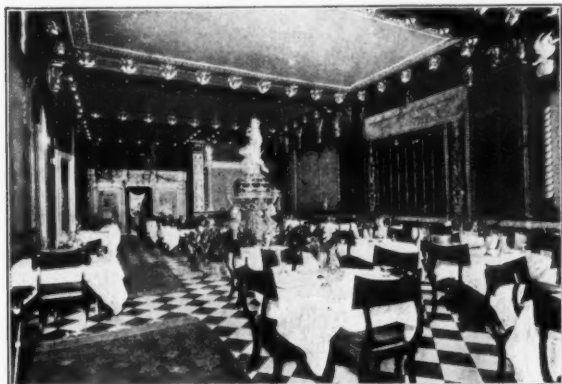
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Dishwashing With Electric Machines.

birds the hotel would furnish them, perhaps more than 2,000 in number, but the expense of the dish would be shared by many others, and Apicius would be charged only for the portion served to him.

The newspapers occasionally refer to a banquet as costing \$100 a plate, and several years ago one host was credited with spending much more than that in the entertainment of his guests at dinner. One of the best chefs in New York says that a big hotel or first-class restaurant can serve the best dinner—that is, one that is not only artistically perfect, but that includes the most expensive dishes, with the best of

wines, for \$25 a plate. It is a dinner that would cost four or five times that amount to serve in a private house. If the host serves curio wines at fabulous prices, however, and expensive dinner favors, and if he adds to this extravagant table decorations and music, he may bring his dinner up to \$100 a plate, and even more. The charges at the best hotels now are twice what they were in 1850, and many times what they were when the thrifty American taxpayer bewailed the extra-



Byron photo.

A Dining-room.

gance of the members of the first Congress who met in New York in 1789, and paid from \$3 to \$7 a week, the latter being the top rate of a hotel that served "from seven to nine dishes a day, with four sorts of liquors." The average cost of a modern hotel for a bachelor who is satisfied with a single room and modest restaurant bills may run between \$5 a day, which is very low, to \$15, which is liberal. If he has a suite of rooms he may pay his hotel as much as his wealth can afford. Most of the new big hotels are run on the European plan, and one may regulate his restaurant bills to suit his taste and his purse above certain minimum limits.

Within recent years some of the most exclusive society functions have been given at one of these big hotels. The hostess tells the manager how much she is willing to spend, how many guests she expects, and in a general way what the entertainment is to be. A menu and a plan of decorations are submitted to her, and when she returns them with her alterations the hotel does the rest. She need not worry again about the arrangements, and when she arrives a little in advance of her guests, she finds beautifully decorated rooms, musicians and a complement of servants in a livery as neat as that of her own household. She may accompany the last guest when the function is ended with no concern about the cleaning up which even in the largest and best appointed of private houses makes an aftermath of discomfort.

For the guidance of the man who manages a big hotel there are daily and sometimes hourly reports made. All of them have their private detectives whose duties in some hotels are largely those of a cicerone for visitors who want to see the night side of New York life. One fashionable Fifth Avenue hotel employs a dozen private detectives. They move around among the guests, using tact when possible, and force only when necessary. Each one makes a written report to the proprietor every twelve hours of everything that has attracted his attention during his tour of duty that may interest or guide the management. The manager has his assistant managers, some one of whom is on duty every hour of the twenty-four, and his capable heads of departments, but the financial risk is his, and he must be the real as well as the nominal head of the business. His profits depend on the closest kind of calculations. He may reduce his force of employees slightly during the dull months of July and August, but it is the cheapest of them he discharges, and his expenses are only slightly less than when his hotel is running with every room occupied. No detail must be too small to enlist his interest. The proprietor has all sorts and conditions of men to deal with, and he must know human nature. The more one investigates the machinery of a big modern hotel the more complex seems the business of managing it.

LIVING

EDWARD M. APPLGARTH

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming!
In Life's short dream, we breathe.

Seeming to see in the dusk around
Shadows of things we have never found:
Hoping to find in the dim "to be"
Faces of friends we may never see:
Longing to grasp in the misty night
Proof of a future beyond our sight:
Seeking to know ere this life is o'er
Where are the lives that have gone before:
Striving to learn from the voiceless past
Why 'mid earth's darkness man was cast:
Searching to find in a world of strife
God written, a proof of eternal life.

THE MYGALE

By MARVIN DAVIS

THE captain entered my hut in haste. "Blythe," he said, "here's news!

The enemy are sending two warships into Amatique. The thing is absurd, unheard of, impossible, but it's true. They've doubled the cape for the sake of that surprise."

"And it will be one?"

"Yes. Nobody could have dreamed of it—a madness!"

Truly it was an absurd idea—that Salvador should send warships all the length of the Pacific Coast and back on the Atlantic side for such a purpose. Yet there was a peril to Guatemala in the prospect.

The little Guatemalan fairly danced in his rage at the thought of the disaster Salvador might inflict on his country.

"To warn them is difficult," I suggested.

"But they must be warned," the captain cried. "We've had a council. Providence and an inspiration have given us the means."

"Yes?"

"It's you!"

"I?"

"Yes. The wind is southwest, just right—straight for Santo Tomas."

I stared stupidly at the captain. The idea overwhelmed me.

"But there is no hydrogen," I objected, feebly.

"Never mind. We can have coal gas."

"Hardly safe over the mountains," I said.

The captain stamped his foot and swore volubly.

"But you will try? Yes, surely, you will try?"

"Of course."

"Ah, a thousand thanks, Blythe. I'll give orders at once," and the captain darted out of the hut.

It was in 1855 when Guatemala was engaged in its war with Salvador. I was in the service under General Barrios as an engineer. The need of some one with a knowledge of military ballooning, in which I was much interested, had caused me to volunteer for that department, though I gained little satisfaction in managing the miserable equipment possessed by the army. However, at last there seemed opportunity for

an adventure that was worth while. Certainly, to cross the continent, over trackless wilds, would be a feat with enough of danger in it to cheer a stout heart.

I set about my preparations, with the result that at six o'clock in the evening I clambered into the basket of the small balloon, moored in the market square of La Gomera. The rope was cast off, the balloon bounded upward, and then moved gently toward the northeast, straight toward Guatemala, the capital city, which lay in the line of my course to the Atlantic.

My first thought, as the car swept onward softly a thousand yards above the ground, was one of relief that I was leaving behind me the yellow fever of the coast, and that horrible heat in which it breeds. Already, in my altitude the air was cooler, less affected by the earth's radiation of the sun's rays. The moving scene below, too, was delightful to the eye, though it had long lost any charm of novelty for me. The flat expanse, green-brown beneath the slanting beams of the sun, was broken here and there by the mangroves that cluster on the shore, or lined by the bamboos along the waterways; fields of maize and frijoles showed at intervals; in the bottom lands I could mark the acres of rice, in the uplands the golden verdure of wheat, or the darker squares of the coffee plantations.

The breeze held steady, so that I came duly at the beginning of the mountain ranges, and moved over vast tracts of pines, mingled with oaks and spruces, interrupted by stretches of agaves and cherimoyas. Below me, from time to time, I caught darting flashes of color thrown from the gorgeous plumage of the native birds, and once I made out a flying quetzal, whose brilliant tints are familiar in the national emblem of Guatemala.

The sun had set, but a splendid moon threw silver radiance over the scene, and my progress was ever in the direction I desired. The hours passed slowly in the monotony of tranquil movement. Almost absolute silence lay over the earth like a pall, broken only by the cry of a prowling

jaguar or puma, the melancholy howl of a coyote, or the shriller yelps of an ocelot. I sat drowsily staring, sometimes sleeping lightly for a few moments, and so the time passed until a sudden gleam below me revealed the presence of some body of water. A little more and the quiet expanse lay revealed, and I knew it to be the Lago de Izabal. This sight filled me with pleasure, for by it I knew that I was floating straight toward my destination. Beyond the lake, on its north side, I could see the vast and sombre bulk of the Sierra de Santa Cruz Mountains, so high that my balloon would scarcely have surmounted the crests. They, however, lay to the left of my course.

Then, as I gazed, the mountains swiftly grew larger and yet larger. I looked in astonishment, I rubbed my eyes. I looked down at the placid waters of the lake, and, as I looked, I wondered. Instead of following my course along the thirty odd miles of the lake's length, the balloon was swiftly approaching the northern shore; the mountains that sloped steeply from the water were looming close, and closer, grimly menacing—the wind had changed! Almost in an instant the breeze had swung a few points, and it now bore me straight north to the heights of the Sierras.

My first fear was as to the buoyancy of the balloon. Could I lighten it sufficiently to pass above the towering peaks that rose as a barrier before me? And another peril threatened me, for in the far distance a faint glow in the sky warned of an active volcano. But that danger could wait. Now I must test the power of the gas.

I hastened to throw over the bags of sand. One after the other I cast out the sacks of ballast, and as the last fell crashing among the pines, the car soared free over the first ridge of the mountains, but with hardly five hundred feet between it and the evergreens below. I doubted much whether it would clear the greater heights.

My fears were but too well founded. As the balloon approached the summits of the chain I saw that I must lighten it again, or fail to surmount the height. There was no help for it—I threw over my gun and revolvers, though to be without them in this wilderness of beasts and Maya-Quichès

was to be in desperate plight. Then I cast over the rope and anchor, the last possessions the aeronaut abandons. Freed from the weight of these the balloon soared heavenward, and in a few moments more sailed slowly over the threatening peaks.

Here my eyes fell on a scene strange and beautiful. Beneath me lay a great tableland within the circling wall of the mountains. It was like a huge amphitheatre built by nature. So close was I now to the ground that I could see the floor of this circus; it was of lava, poured through ages from the fiery summit to the north. The molten tide had filled all the hollows between the ridges, so that now a level floor stretched away on every side to the barriers. From the crevices in this a coarse grass grew luxuriantly, making all the place blackest green beneath the moonbeams—all save to the north. There from the center to the circumference ran a radius of lava, a broad, naked, shining road of hardening blocks, the last issue from the burning cone.

The balloon was moving very slowly now, for the breeze seemed dying away, and I gazed about me in new disquietude. Now I was so near the volcano that I could see the play of colors in the masses gushing forth from it, and the ashes were floating about me; the heat of it came to me gently on



"They must be warned!"



"There was no help for it—I threw over my gun and
revolvers."

the cool night air. Already I was close to the beginning of the lava road that ran straight to the crater.

Suddenly just in front, my eyes fell on a great tower of stone. The huge cylinder reared itself full a hundred feet in air, so high that my car would almost touch it in passing. I gazed bewildered, for the work was obviously of men's hands. Yet there was no other human sign throughout all the region. A sort of awe, born of the night and my remoteness, grew in my heart as I gazed at the looming monument. In a measure, my weird dread yielded to my recollection of legends concerning the dead races of Copan, worshippers of the sun and of fire. This, perhaps, was an old temple erected for worship before that throne of fire, the volcano.

The balloon's course took it directly over the pillar of stone. As I came to it I leaned over to look down on its top, and then, just above the uneven apex of the temple, the balloon stopped. Quietly, softly, the bal-

loon rested immovable over the pillar.

Amazement seized on me, an amazement mingled with a curious superstitious fear, for, as the car hung motionless, I felt the night wind blowing gently, yet steadily against my cheek. The balloon was free to all appearance; there was neither tree nor shrub to fetter it, there was no dangling rope to bind it, the car was a yard or more above the stones that formed the pillar's top. One corner of the structure rose for ten feet or more from the stone flooring, but this was like a rod of stone, straight and slender, with no projections from it to bar my way. I peered closely, but the balloon did not touch the shaft—and there was nothing else.

I was helpless in the grasp of mystery. I sat still, my brain grappling with the problem of my position. But my attempts to understand were wholly fruitless. Search as I would, I could hit on no theory. So, finally, I abandoned the effort to find a way out of my perplexities, and determined to await calmly for what the morning might reveal. Meantime, from moment to moment I hoped that the balloon might fare forth from the subtle chains that bound it. Yet my breast was filled

with gloomy thoughts; I could not rid myself of the mad fancy that some unholy and supernatural snare of the ancient tower held me in its thrall.

A cloud hid the moon, and I shivered in the darkness. Mechanically, I got out my flask of aquardiente and took a deep draught of the fiery spirits. The glow of it ran cheerily through my veins, and I grew braver.

As I returned the flask to my pocket I felt something touch the car. The impact was delicate and stealthy, and the very quality of it begot a new terror. I sprang up and looked over the edge, but there was nothing visible in the dim light. Even as I peered fearfully, something fell on my cheek, a velvety, pulpy touch, that filled me with ghastly loathing. I threw myself backward across the car and, with my bare hands, beat off the evil contact. Then I saw a slender line of black moving among the cords of the car, swaying here and there, wandering and searching blindly. Fear was

in its zenith. I could do naught but glare at the uncanny thing that sought so hungrily.

Then I saw another near it, and my horror grew, for I was at the mercy of the things. I had no weapon save a pocketknife, I could not flee from the limits of the car. I dared not seek the tower, for thence came these monsters that I saw.

Yet I made bold to pluck forth my knife and to open it, while I prayed that the clouds might pass and let me know more of the perils that beset me. At the first I had thought them serpents, for boas and vipers are common in these tracts, and the boas climb well. But after a little I abandoned the idea, for the things moved stiffly, not with the sinuous grace of snakes. Yet nothing else of which I could think was like those waving lines of darkness.

The things vanished from my view, and I breathed a sigh of relief. A moment later something clutched my arm fiercely and a thrilling pain shot through me. With a great cry, I hacked blindly, and the knife blade slid smoothly through something that half freed me. In a second more I had torn myself from the invisible clutches, and stood staggering in the middle of the car.

Mad with fear, I clutched at the awnings and laced them about the ropes of the car, until I was close-shut within their flimsy shelter. There in the darkness I crouched on the floor of the car, gasping and shuddering.

For a little time there was no movement anywhere. Then, finally, I felt a swaying of the car, as if some heavy body swung on the nettings and my heart almost stopped its beating as I waited for the issue. The swaying ceased, and the balloon settled down a little way, as if the something had clambered on it.

There was another interval of silence, broken of a sudden by the shrill hiss of escaping gas. The balloon settled a short way and then remained steady. But the sound of the gas continued, so that I knew something had arrested the balloon's drop. But now the car swung forward until it was barely touching the tower's edge. At that a new fear seized me, for I saw that, should whatever held the balloon let it go under the increasing

weight, it would fall like a stone, to dash me in pieces a hundred feet below. In my realization of this peril I forgot all else, and when the balloon yielded a little, sinking downward, I tore aside the awnings and leaped upon the tower. I missed my footing on the uneven surface and clutched frantically at the shaft of stone. As my weight came on it, it tottered, and I thrust myself back just in time to escape falling with it. It swayed an instant and then went down, the stones smiting the ground with a roar and echoing through the night like the clamor of devils.

Weak and trembling, I knelt on the uneven stones, awaiting the end. The balloon beside me, relieved of my burden, hung collapsed but motionless. I thrilled with dread from moment to moment, lest again I should feel the horrible clutch upon me. Thus I waited, shaking with the awfulness of it all, waited through long hours that were eternities of torment, waited until the blessed dawn cast its earliest gleams upon the tower. Then my eyes roamed fearfully over the spot, and I saw—nothing!



"In a second more I had torn myself from the invisible clutches . . ."

The stones of my refuge were bare, there was no lurking point among them; I was alone in the place.

As I realized this, I seized the cords of the car on the side next to me, and cut them off, and with these and some pieces of the netting I made a rope long enough to serve my purpose. Luckily, there was enough within my reach, for I could not get to the farther side of the balloon, nor could I draw it upon the tower. Indeed, I could not yet understand the mystery of what held it in place.

But in my mood of that time I had no time to waste in the solving of mysteries. My sole purpose was to escape, if indeed Heaven would so permit.

I fastened one end of the rope to the foundation stone of the shaft. Then, with a prayer that the knots might hold, I swung over the edge, and soon by great mercy came safely down. As I set foot on earth a thrill of grateful joy throbbed through me, the like of which I have felt neither before nor since. Alone in the primeval wilderness, without food, unarmed, against man or brute, I was filled with an ecstasy of thanksgiving.

I turned to hasten from the spot when my eyes fell on a curious hairy body, large as a wildcat, that lay motionless by one of the fallen fragments of stone. I went near it slowly, drawn by a resistless curiosity. When I had come to it I saw that it was the body of a giant spider. As nearly as I could tell, it was a monster of the bird-catcher type, the *Mygale* (*A. avicularia*.) It was larger than any I had ever seen even in the tropics. Afterwards, I thought that its enormous size was, perhaps, nourished by the volcano's heat. Its head I could not see, for it was crushed beneath the block of

stone. But on either side of the fragment stretched the clawed falces. So large were they that, stooping forward, I could make out the toothed mouths of the poison glands. And now I saw another thing; from

beneath the body of the spider stretched a dainty silken cord, a tiny rope that rose through the air to the tower and disappeared high up on the farther side. I went around the building and looked up. The shining strand rose straight to the balloon, which hung on this side. As I looked, I understood all the mystery, for now I could see that the balloon hung within the broken meshes of a huge spider's web, which had been spun from the height of the stone shaft across the top of the tower. Into that web the balloon had drifted,

so slowly and gently as not to break it. And the great insect had blindly sought to seize this strange prey. When I escaped him by the shelter of the awning, he had climbed on the balloon itself, and there had bitten through the varnished cotton, so that the gas had rushed forth. It seemed likely that the noxious gas had driven the spider to drop frightened to the ground. There one of the pillar's fragments had destroyed him.

I made my way with slowness and pain back over the mountains to the Lago de Izabal. I followed the lake to the northeast, until I reached the Rio Dulce. There I built me a rude raft, and with a pole I floated down to Santo Tomas. When at last I came into the town, gaunt and famished, my arm still swollen with the spider's venom, I learned that our captain had been deceived by a renegade of Salvador. No warships had been sent to the Gulf of Amatique. Nor were there throughout the war.



"I threw myself back just in time to escape falling."



".....Mr. Mitchell's just struck up Mr. Melville's arm in time....."

BEFORE THE FACT

BY RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI

VI.—THE WHIRLPOOL OF SOCIETY.

MR. MITCHEL had dropped in at a fashionable five-o'clock tea. As he stood in a corner, sipping his tea, he listened to the low chatter that filled the room, and mused upon the shallowness of it all. The scene bored him, and he was wondering how he might manage to escape, when a voice of singular sweetness attracted his attention.

"Mr. Mitchel," said the young woman—she was less than twenty-five, and looked younger—"Mr. Mitchel, you do not care for this sort of thing? Would you mind leaving?"

"You are quite right, Mrs. Melville," Mr. Mitchel replied, courteously. "I do not care for these tea parties, tea fights, I think some wit has called them. Do you wish me to go?"

"Yes, please. My brougham is at the door. Can I offer you a seat as far as your house? It will be very little out of my way. Besides, I wish to talk to you."

"I will get my things and join you at the door as soon as possible."

Ten minutes later the two were in Mrs. Melville's brougham and on their way up town.

"I hope you will not think me too bold," said Mrs. Melville, "but I am in great distress. I need a friend, such a friend as only you can be. Will you help me?"

"My dear little woman I have known you since you were in pinafores. Can you doubt my devotion?"

"Oh, yes, I know! I know!" She tried to smile, but the effort was a feeble one.

"The trouble is serious, then?" said Mr. Mitchel, altering his tone. He took one of her hands and patting it tenderly, continued, "Tell me what I can do for you."

"I hardly know how to tell you. When I think of confiding in any one, I feel ashamed, as though I were untrue to— But when I keep it to myself it is torture. I must—I must—some one must help me."

"Now tell me everything."

"Have you read the papers to-day?"

"I glanced at them," said Mr. Mitchel, surprised at the seeming irrelevancy of the question.

"Did you read of—of the defalcation?"

"Oh, you mean the cashier of the Twentieth National Bank. He stole a couple of hundred thousand dollars, and when exposure seemed certain he blew out his brains, the best thing to do under the circumstances."

"Don't say that! Don't say that!" Her vehemence surprised Mr. Mitchel.

"Did you know him?"

"Yes. And, Mr. Mitchel, he was not a bad man. He married one of my friends. She is a good woman, and he was a devoted husband. He was kind, gentle, loving, and yet, now that he is dead no one stops to pity. All hasten to condemn."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Melville. I did not know the man, and I only read the headlines in the paper. Was it of this case that you wished to speak to me?"

"Partly. This case makes me—makes me think of my own."

The last words barely reached Mr. Mitchel's ears, but instantly he understood their purport. This woman's husband was the cashier of a large banking house, and enormous sums of money passed through his hands annually.

"You do not mean—" he began.

"Don't ask me what I mean. Don't make me say it. Don't let me say it. But think, think, think, Mr. Mitchel. Think as I have thought every day, every night for a year. You know how we live? You have been in our house, at our receptions. Can it be done on five thousand dollars a year? Why,

this brougham and horses cost three. How is it done? Where does the money come from? I dare not press my husband too far. When I speak of it to him, he answers, 'Wall Street,' and I am silenced. He closes my mouth with kisses, but the doubts, the terrible doubts remain. And if anything is wrong, it is all on my account. He does it for me. He loves me, he is devotion itself. Oh, Heaven! cannot he be saved? Save him for me, Mr. Mitchel."

As she talked she became more and more affected, and in the end she was nearly hysterical.

"Yes, Mrs. Melville, I will save your husband," said Mr. Mitchel, "that is if he is in need of—a friend. I will be that friend. Tell me everything."

"I don't know that there is anything to tell. Only, twice lately he has remained away all night; the only times that he has done so since our marriage. To-night he is to be away again. He telephoned to me at the reception. That is why I did not care to stay any longer."

"Where has he been on these nights?"

"At his office."

"This is the only reason you think the case is urgent?"

"The only one that I can put into words. But I am a woman, and I love him, and my heart tells me that he is in trouble, serious trouble. You are a man, and cannot understand such arguments."

"I think I can," said Mr. Mitchel, gently. "I will leave at once, Mrs. Melville, if you will have your man stop. And be of good cheer until you hear from me. Until then your husband will be perfectly safe. I promise you that."

Leaving Mrs. Melville, Mr. Mitchel hurried down to his club, where he had dinner, after sending a message to his own home explaining his own absence. Between eight and nine o'clock he took a cab and started for the office building, where he expected to interview Mr. Melville. He had intentionally delayed, so that he might find the man alone, and after office hours. Reaching the place he ascended to the tenth floor, and in a moment stood before the entrance door on which appeared the words, "Mattison & Co., Bankers and Brokers." He tried the knob, but the door was locked; a light through the glass, however, indicated that some one was within, and he knocked. After a short wait the door opened and Mr. Melville appeared. He seemed astonished to see Mr. Mitchel.

"Why, how do you do," said he, "come in. When I heard the knock I thought it must be the janitor. What on earth brings you down here at this time of night?"

"For answer, I will ask you what on earth keeps you down here till this time of night?"

"The cases are quite different," said Mr. Melville, with a laugh. "I am a working man. You are a bloated bondholder."

"Do you mean that you are obliged to stay as late as this on account of your work?"

"Not very often, of course. But lately I have gotten a little behind with my books, and I am trying to straighten things up."

"Take my advice and don't do it."

"Not do what? I don't understand."

"Fix up your books," replied Mr. Mitchel, imperturbably. "That sort of thing always tells against a man when the case gets into court."

"What are you talking about?" said Mr. Melville. His manner seemed bold enough and he seemed righteously angered, but Mr. Mitchel had noticed that he had flushed and started at his last sally. He had been so entirely off his guard. "If this is a joke," continued Melville, "it is in very bad taste. If you are trying to insult me——"

"I think I'll take a chair, if you don't mind," said Mr. Mitchel, ignoring the other man's anger. "This is very comfortable. Now, then, Melville, how much is it?"

"How much is what?"

"The shortage in your accounts."

"Damn you——" began Melville, and he sprang towards Mr. Mitchel, evidently meaning mischief; but the latter was quite prepared for such an emergency, and was on his feet in an instant to meet him. He dodged the blow aimed at him, and seized Melville by the wrist, twisting his arm till he cried out in pain, upon which Mr. Mitchel released him, saying:

"Very well, then. If you do not wish to be hurt, treat your friends more hospitably when they call."

"My friends," gasped Melville, rubbing his arm.

"Exactly. I came here as your friend to do you a service. I begin to think you do not deserve it. But for your wife's sake I——"

"Leave my wife out of this," cried Melville.

"If I do you'll land in jail, or else blow your brains out like that fellow Gregory, whose story was in to-day's papers."

"My God! What do you know?"

"What do I know," began Mr. Mitchel, as calmly as though enumerating his engagements for the week. "Let me see. In the first place, your salary is five thousand a year, and you buy a brougham and horses for three. The house in which you live costs three more for rent. And then—— Well, I know a number of little trifles which prove that you are spending nearer twenty thousand a year than five. But I know something more than that, and this will explain why I am here to-night."

"Go on," said the other, almost in a whisper.

"You married the daughter of one of the best friends I ever had. I have known her and been fond of her since her childhood. She loves you, Melville, and I think you love her."

"No man could love a woman more."

"Then why have you made the terrible mistake of discounting her affection for you? Why have you thought it necessary to load her with jewels, make her live in a big house in the fashionable quarter, and cater to society?"

"You don't understand." Melville broke down completely. "It has been for her, all that I have done."

Mr. Mitchel arose and went over to Melville, whose face was buried in his hands, and stood beside him with one hand resting gently on his head, in a way that was almost a caress.

"You have meant it so, my friend," he continued, "but you have erred grievously. I know that at heart you are not a thief, and I have come here to-night to see if I can save you from the epithet even in your own mind."

"It is too late! Too late!" groaned Melville.

"I hope not," said Mr. Mitchel. "Come, tell me all about it. Brace up. Think of the wife, and remember that I am something of a detective and may be able to show you a way out of your trouble."

"If you only could," cried Melville, looking up, his face illumined by a ray of hope, "I would bless you for the rest of my life."

"And live on your income?"

"So help me God!"

"Very good. Now we must get to work. First, then, how much is it?"

"Ten thousand dollars," said Melville, dropping his head in shame. Then in a moment he looked up again and continued, "I have a chance still of squaring up, as I will

explain. You must not think too badly of me. The thing came by degrees, though I suppose that is always the way. Money was ever at my hand, and I tried a little speculation. I have had marvelous luck. I never used more than a thousand at a time, for margins, you know. And I always returned it in a week or two. It never showed in the books, because I carry more than that over from day to day as cash. Lately luck deserted me. I had a thousand up, and things went against me. I put up more and more margin, until at last I was five thousand behind. Then I was panic-stricken. I dared not use any more and then— Well, I was wiped out."

"I thought you said ten thousand?"

"Well, you see, I could not hide a five thousand shortage very long without fixing it somehow in the books, and a desperate chance came for me to recoup. This will seem worse to you than Wall Street, but I have taken another five thousand and put it on a horse race."

"On a horse race?"

"Yes. It sounds bad, I know, but it is practically a certainty, knowing what I know. And the odds are extraordinary. Just think, if I win I can not only replace the money, but I would have ten thousand for myself. It is the much talked-of match race between Golden Rod and Manitou."

"Then you are backing Golden Rod. I understand that Manitou will be the favorite."

"No! I am on Manitou. That is the strange part of it. You see it came about in this way: I was with a lot of men a few nights ago, one of whom was Tom Jackson, the bookmaker. Every one declared that Manitou would be the favorite, and that he would win, when Jackson said, 'From what I know about the race Golden Rod will surprise the talent.' 'You will not make him favorite in your books, though,' said a man, and Jackson replied, 'Yes, I will, and I'll begin now. How does three to one against Manitou strike you?' The others only made exclamations of surprise, but the temptation was too great for me, and I cried out, 'Not in thousands?' 'Up to five thousand,' said Jackson, as cool as a cucumber. 'Done,' said I, and that is how it stands. The race will come off on Saturday, and I can keep things going here till Monday, anyway."

"Then why were you down here to-night tampering with the books?"

"I have not touched the books. I was merely studying them to determine whether

there could be any—any tampering—if—if things went wrong in spite of me. Of course, after all, a race is not won until it is run."

"You say no suspicion can reach you till Monday?"

"I think not. Only by the merest chance could—"

"We will guard against that merest chance," said Mr. Mitchel, quickly. "Remember, we are working for your wife. Give me a blank note and I will fill it out for the amount of your shortage. I don't know whether you have the right to discount a note or not."

"I am not supposed to do so without consulting my superiors, but your note would be a valuable asset if—"

"Just so," said Mr. Mitchel, signing his name and tossing the paper to Mr. Melville. "Put that where it will be safe, and come up to my club for a bit of supper."

Promptly at nine o'clock on the following morning Mr. Mitchel surprised Mr. Barnes, who had only just arrived at his office.

"There is to be a horse race on Saturday," were Mr. Mitchel's first words, "a match race between Manitou and Golden Rod. Judged by their records, Manitou ought to win. He has been unbeaten thus far this season, and though Golden Rod was a close second to him when they last met, there is little doubt that Manitou could have gone even faster had he been pushed. Consequently Manitou will be the favorite in all the books at the track with one exception."

"Ah!" replied Mr. Barnes, "One bookmaker will give odds against the favorite. He must have what is called 'inside information.'"

"Exactly, and I want that information. You know Tom Jackson. Of course, it is common knowledge that he is not satisfied with regular bookmaking, but often gambles. It is not unusual for him to refuse bets on one horse in a race, and offer high odds against all the others. By this means if the horse which he holds out should come first, he wins all the bets in his book. Nevertheless, what must we think, when in a two-horse race he offers three to one against the favorite?"

"Has he done that?"

"I know of at least one bet of five thousand dollars which he has accepted at those odds."

Mr. Barnes emitted a low but prolonged whistle.

"A two-horse race is always an oppor-

tunity for race track thieves. Only one jockey need be tampered with, and the result is a certainty. Ferral is to ride Manitou. See if you can connect him in any way with Jackson. Foster is the trainer for the stable; he may be in it. Above all, find out who is the real owner of Manitou. The Metropolis Stables enters the horse, and Foster claims to be the proprietor, but Foster is comparatively a poor man, and there is little doubt that there is some one in the background."

"This is a nice little problem, Mr. Mitchell," said Mr. Barnes. "And as the time is limited, I will take up the affair personally, and give all my attention to it. I will report to you not later than noon on Saturday."

"Meet me in time to take the one-fifteen train, and we will go to the track together. Now, understand, I leave this part of the work to you, and will dismiss it entirely from my own mind, confident that you will bring me all the information which I require."

"I will do my best," said the detective. "But, of course, I cannot guarantee——"

"But I can," said Mr. Mitchell, interrupting, with a cordial smile. "In anything as simple as this, you cannot fail."

Although Mr. Mitchell had told the detective that he would dismiss from his mind all thought of seeking the information which he desired, he, in reality, spent all the morning calling on various acquaintances connected with racing, and when he returned to his home for dinner he seemed more than satisfied with his results. On his library table he found a telegram, while his valet announced that a man had been waiting some time to see him. The telegram read as follows:

"The unforeseen has happened. Your note saved me, but am sorry to say it will be presented to you almost at once. Hope you can meet it. Awfully sorry and greatly indebted.
MELVILLE."

Mr. Mitchell crossed the hall and entered the reception-room, where he found a flashily dressed man, who rose to meet him.

"I think you wished to see me," said Mr. Mitchell.

"My name is Tom Jackson," said the man. "You may have heard of me. I am a bookmaker at the race tracks."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Mitchell, assuming a tone of cordiality. "What can I do for you, Mr. Jackson?"

"Well, the fact is," said the gambler, "a little of your paper has come into my pos-

session, and I came up to see if you could meet it. Ordinarily, I would be only too glad to hold it indefinitely, with such a good name as yours, but, unfortunately, I am gambling on Saturday's match race, and I shall need all the cash I can get together."

"What is the paper?" said Mr. Mitchell, feigning ignorance.

"It is a demand note for ten thousand," said Jackson, handing it to Mr. Mitchell, who took it, examined it carefully, and then said:

"Why, this was only drawn yesterday, and discounted for me by Mattison & Co. True, it is payable on demand, but it seems to me, considering their commission, that they are calling for settlement rather early. How did it reach you?"

"So long as you do not dispute Mattison & Co.'s indorsement, I don't suppose I am bound to answer that," said Jackson.

"I will certainly require some explanation," said Mr. Mitchell. "As the money obtained from Mattison & Co. is still in my bank I can give you a check at once if your explanation is satisfactory. On the other hand, as you are unknown to me, and as I am not familiar with the signature of Mattison & Co., I could insist on your sending that note through some bank for collection as a safeguard to myself. In that way you probably would not receive the cash in time to use it on Saturday."

"You are dead right," said Jackson. "Of course you don't know me, and ten thousand is no flea bite. But it is all straight, and you never heard of Tom Jackson welching. But this is strictly on the j. t. You see, it's this way. A good many gents that I know make bets with me by just naming the figures, and no money passes till settling time. So it often happens that a good deal of money is owing to me. I'm in so deep on Saturday's races that I've got to have the cash with me. You see, I'm betting against the favorite. I've got inside information on Golden Rod, and unless he breaks a leg he'll win. But he may break a leg, after all, and then I'd have a deal of money to pay out. Catch on?"

"Perfectly."

"Now it happens that one of my patrons whose nod means a thousand is Mr. Mattison, and he's been nodding on the wrong horses for some time back, till he owed me nearer fifteen thousand than ten, and I had to call on him for cash to-day. I got there pretty late, but he very promptly said he'd settle. But when he called on his cashier

for the actual bills, saying he'd take it out of the petty cash, he found that Mr. Melville had this note of yours in his drawer instead of the ready money that Mr. Mattison counted on. At first the old man was mad because Melville gave you the money without consulting him, especially as there is only one signature. But I know young Melville and like him, and I know your name is good, so I just squared things all round by saying I'd take your note. And that's the story."

"I see," said Mr. Mitchel. "Your explanation is quite satisfactory, Mr. Jackson, and I will give you my check, especially as you saved young Melville. I would not like the young man to get into trouble because he tried to accommodate me." Mr. Mitchel went to a desk and wrote out a check, which he handed to the gambler, who took it with a sigh of relief. "And now," added Mr. Mitchel, "may I ask you what odds you will give against this sure thing of yours, Golden Rod?"

"Well, frankly, I'm not looking for bets on that animal. But of course I suppose I'll have to take some. I would not like to quote odds until I get to the track. Then when I see what the other books offer I'll make my price shorter, so there won't much come to me. See?"

"As Manitou will be the favorite," said Mr. Mitchel, watching his man keenly, "of course there will be better than even money about Golden Rod. Will you take a bet from me of ten thousand on Golden Rod at even money?"

"You're a deep one," said Jackson, laughing uncomfortably. "I've just given you the tip that Golden Rod will win, and you want to back him in my book for ten thousand. You might as well ask me to hand you back this check."

"Then you refuse to take the bet?"

"Well, we won't put it that way. Come down to the track and we'll see. I'll be going now, I guess."

The day of the race dawned fair. Mild weather and sunny skies promised a track exactly to the liking of Manitou. Mr. Barnes called at twelve-thirty, and the two men at once started for the train in Mr. Mitchel's carriage, which afforded an opportunity for Mr. Barnes to make his report.

"I have found out some things," said the detective. "In the first place, then, Tom Jackson is married to the sister of Foster, the trainer and supposed owner of the Metropolis Stables."

"That begins well," said Mr. Mitchel, contentedly.

"I have not been able to connect Ferral with Jackson in any way, but I figure that as he is the regular rider for the stable, if he is in crooked work they would hardly allow the jockey and the bookmaker to even know one another. The woman, I take it, is sufficient connection between the stable and the books."

"Quite sufficient."

"I have also heard a curious story about Foster, though it is only rumor, and I stumbled on it by the merest chance."

"What is it?"

"My informant is an old man who has been a bookmaker for forty years. He declares that Foster is really the man who was mixed up in some suspicious work on the New Orleans track about ten years ago; that he was obliged to leave that part of the country, and that he has changed his name——"

"From Wilton to Foster?"

"How did you know?"

"I did not know. But I do know about the Wilton affair, and if Foster is really Wilton I rather imagine I could foretell the trend of events to-day, especially if Jackson has married the sister."

"There is no doubt about the marriage," said Mr. Barnes. "And my man swears to the identity of Foster and Wilton."

"What about the owner of Manitou?"

"There, I regret to say I have utterly failed," said the detective reluctantly.

"And yet it was so easy," said Mr. Mitchel. "But I mean no reflection on you. I had facilities not open to you. The horse was last owned by a particular friend of mine. He was sold at public sale, and bid in by Foster, who paid for him with a check. My friend, being a very methodical man, had an entry in his salesbook which gives details about that check, from which I traced the owner; but that is of no consequence. As soon as we reach the track I wish you to find out whether Jackson's wife is there and where she will sit. I will have some business with Jackson himself."

The two men parted at the entrance to the race course, and Mr. Mitchel at once sought out the bookmaker. Having found him, he asked:

"Will you take that bet of ten thousand on Golden Rod?"

"I am sorry," replied Jackson, "but I am not giving away money to-day."

"I would not be too sure about that, were

I in your place," said Mr. Mitchel, and he left Jackson puzzled as to the meaning of the words.

Mr. Mitchel walked about exchanging greetings with various acquaintances, all the time looking for Melville, who had agreed to meet him, and also for Mr. Barnes that he might hear about the wife of Jackson. It was just before the first race was to be called that he spied the detective. A few minutes later they were in conversation in a somewhat secluded spot back of the grandstand.

"She is here," said Mr. Barnes. "She has the very end seat on the first row of the upper tier."

"You mean the east end," said Mr. Mitchel, "where she can command a view of the horses as they come up the home stretch."

"You can easily see her from the walk. She has on a dark blue silk gown, and carries a sunshade to match. Is there anything more that you wish me to do?"

"Yes. Leave me and do not be seen with me till after the Manitou race. But keep your eyes on the Jackson woman. If my suspicion is well founded she will need to be watched very closely. I suppose the association has some Pinkerton men here?"

"Yes."

"Get one of them to assist you. It may become necessary to arrest that woman. If so, it will be best to have it done by one of the regular men. But do not let him act without orders."

"Orders?"

"Yes. If after the race you hear a pistol shot, arrest the woman if— Well, if you see any excuse for it. And you may be sure there will be no pistol fired unless the excuse exists. Consequently, be sure that you detect from your point of view what I shall need to see from the ground to induce me to give the signal."

"Trust me," said Mr. Barnes.

"I do, implicitly," said Mr. Mitchel, and with a cordial hand grasp they separated.

A few minutes later Mr. Mitchel met Melville, nervous, excited, and evidently looking for him. As he reached Mr. Mitchel the younger man said in low tones:

"I am awfully sorry about that note affair. I hope—"

"Dismiss it from your mind," said Mr. Mitchel. "I paid it and you owe the money to me instead of to the bank, that is all. You may settle after the match race."

"I hope so, but I am worried about that,

also. Jackson is giving three to one against Manitou, and taking all the money offered. What can it mean?"

"Never mind about Jackson," said Mr. Mitchel, shrugging his shoulders. "Tell me. Do you know the name of the real owner of Manitou?"

"Yes. That is why I backed him. But —"

"Is this the man's name?" Mr. Mitchel held before Melville's eyes a card on which a name was written. The young man seemed embarrassed. "Never mind," continued Mr. Mitchel. "You need not tell me anything. I do not wish you to betray confidences." But from his smile it was evident that he was quite satisfied that his surmise had been correct.

After the third race Mr. Mitchel once more sought out Jackson and again asked him to take his wager on Golden Rod, but the gambler again refused, this time with an oath.

"Very well," said Mr. Mitchel. "That was your last chance. Now look out."

He went directly to the judges' stand and addressed himself to the one he best knew, though acquainted more or less with all.

"Armstrong," said Mr. Mitchel, "there is crooked business afoot about Manitou in this match race. I want you to set down the jockey and put up a boy who will give the backers of the favorite an honest run for their money."

Mr. Armstrong was a phlegmatic man, with many years of experience in horse racing and not easily moved. He was a typically just man, eminently fitted for his position. He was slow to believe the stories of wrong which are always to be heard at race tracks, but in the presence of good evidence he was quick to act in protection of the public.

"What do you know?" he asked, quietly, while the other judges gathered closer to hear.

"There is not time to tell all that I know," said Mr. Mitchel. "I will simply tell you enough upon which to act. In brief, Jackson the bookmaker is brother-in-law to Foster, the trainer for the Metropolis Stables. Foster himself is really Wilton, who was ruled off at New Orleans ten years ago for stopping a favorite in a match race, a case identical with the present conditions. Manitou is a hot favorite in all the books except Jackson's, and he is offering three to one against him."

"He is an inveterate gambler," said Mr. Armstrong.

"I know. But this is no gamble, it is a conspiracy. I know of one instance where he has accepted five thousand dollars at three to one against Manitou, and he has three times refused to take a bet of ten thousand from me on Golden Rod, though I offered to accept even money, when 8 to 5 can be had everywhere."

"Thank you, Mr. Mitchel," said Mr. Armstrong.

Mr. Mitchel at once left the judges' stand confident that swift action would follow. He remained close enough to observe the course of events. The judges after a brief conference sent for Jackson and ordered him to let them examine his books. When this had been done Mr. Armstrong spoke to him.

"Jackson," said he, "how is it you are giving such odds against Manitou, and taking so few bets on Golden Rod? You have taken in at least fifty thousand dollars on Manitou, which means that you stand to lose one hundred and fifty thousand there, while you can only win five thousand by the defeat of Golden Rod, that being all that you have accepted at even money, when the others are giving odds."

"I have seen Golden Rod at work," said the bookmaker, "and am making a gamble, that is all."

"When did you see Golden Rod at work?"

"Three days ago."

"Strange! I understood that he had not been allowed to go at speed for nearly a week. His trainer has his own ideas on that subject. However, the point with us is, have you the money to settle with in case Manitou should win, after all? We can't have any welching here."

"Send a man with me," said the bookmaker, confidently, "and I'll show him two hundred thousand in cash."

"Go with him," said Armstrong, addressing an assistant.

A few minutes later Foster was summoned and Mr. Armstrong said to him:

"Is Manitou going to win to-day?"

"To a moral certainty," said Foster, promptly.

"Your brother-in-law Jackson seems to think otherwise. Why do you suppose he is giving three to one against your horse?"

"He must be crazy," said Foster, hesitatingly. "But he is a wild gambler, and I suppose he thinks he has some information from the other side."

"Is your jockey Ferral safe? No chance that Jackson has bribed him?"

"None in the world. Ferral is never allowed even to talk to bookmakers."

"Still," said Mr. Armstrong, watching Foster so closely that the man did not dare to lower his eyes, "the circumstances are suspicious. I think we will have to ask you to set down Ferral, and we advise you to let Rowley have the mount. He is a fine rider and knows the horse, having ridden him often for his last owner."

Foster turned pale, and tried to argue the point, stammering a feeble:

"But——"

"There is no but about this, Mr. Foster, we must protect the backers of this horse." Turning away from the discomfited trainer, he spoke to an assistant, saying: "Announce that Rowley will ride Manitou in the next race."

This action of the judges caused great excitement, but was received with a joyous shout by the backers of Manitou, many of whom had been much disturbed by the odds offered all morning by Jackson. If there was any job, they felt sure that the judges had discovered it and frustrated the schemers. Melville in particular was elated.

"Now we are safe," said he to Mr. Mitchel. "Rowley will ride for his life, after the confidence in him shown by the judges."

"Let us get a good place to see," said Mr. Mitchel. "The horses are going to the post. Follow me."

Mr. Mitchel did not go up into the stand, but found a place near the rail where he could see the race, and also by turning his head could watch the woman in blue, in the corner seat on the front of the stand upstairs.

There was no delay at the post, the two horses moving together as a team at the first offer, and the flag dropped announcing that the great match had begun. Golden Rod had the rail, and started off with a lead of half a length, which Rowley made no effort to diminish. Both boys were good riders, and neither was anxious to set the pace. The first quarter therefore was rather slow. Nearing the half the rider of Golden Rod suddenly spurred his horse and opened up a gap of two lengths which caused a shout from his backers on the stand, but Rowley instantly loosened the reins of his mount, and the favorite responded so swiftly and with such speed that the cheers of Golden Rod's admirers were drowned in the noise made by the backers of Manitou. Rowley seemed satisfied that his horse was willing and capable and made no effort to

pass his rival, though he kept close enough to avoid any surprises. The two rounded into the stretch with Manitou only a short half length behind, and both boys began riding. As they thundered towards the winning line, Melville gripped Mr. Mitchel's arm until it was painful, but that gentleman paid no attention. To an observer, Mr. Mitchel's actions would have seemed strange. He would cast a glance toward the horses and then quickly turn his head and look up towards the woman in the grandstand. He noted that she had opened her parasol and was holding it so that it screened her somewhat from those behind her, who shouted to her to put down the obstruction. She paid no attention, but acted in a most singular manner, which as soon as noted by Mr. Mitchel caused him to look in the direction of the horses, nor did he again glance back at the woman.

The racers were coming up now at a tremendous pace, and a great shout went up as Rowley let out a little of his pull on Manitou, and that fine horse went at once to even terms with Golden Rod and slowly but surely was passing him. Suddenly there was a loud cry of dismay. Manitou swerved towards Golden Rod and crushed him up against the rail. Almost instantly Rowley had him straightened out again, and riding furiously, crossed the line two lengths ahead.

The din that ensued was tremendous. Cries of "foul" filled the air, and masses of excited men crowded about the judges' stand. The two jockeys were seen to go up into the stand to be questioned by the judges, and then there was a hush of silence as an assistant started to post the name of the winner. Bedlam broke loose when the name hoisted was read, and Golden Rod was declared to have won, the claim of foul having been allowed by the judges.

The grip on Mr. Mitchel's arm relaxed, his companion made a sudden movement, the gleam of a pistol barrel was seen, and Mr. Mitchel's just struck up Melville's arm in time to prevent him from taking his own life. The weapon exploded, but no damage was done.

"That will serve as the signal," muttered Mr. Mitchel, wrenching the pistol from Melville's hand and hurrying the young man out of the crowd that gathered around them.

"I have a great mind to throw you over," said Mr. Mitchel, angrily. "And I would were it not for your wife. Now come with me and we will get that ticket of yours cashed."

"But Manitou lost," said Melville, feebly. "Did he?" asked Mr. Mitchel. "Give me the ticket and follow me."

He found Jackson and quietly handed him the ticket saying:

"I'll trouble you for twenty thousand."

Jackson looked at the ticket and laughed coarsely.

"You must be a lunatic," said he.

"Listen to me," said Mr. Mitchel, sternly. "You would not take my money on Golden Rod and give me a chance to get back the amount of that note. So I had your fixed jockey set down. Now you pay me this money, or I'll send you to prison."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jackson, seeing by Mr. Mitchel's manner that this was no trifling matter.

"I mean," said Mr. Mitchel, "that I know why Manitou swerved. And you will know that I know when I say it is the same trick that was worked by Wilton at New Orleans. Moreover, the woman who did the trick has been caught in the act, and is now in custody, and she will not be released unless you pay up. Manitou really won, and we want our winnings. I give you fifteen seconds to make up your mind," and Mr. Mitchel, taking out his watch, began to count.

Jackson was dumbfounded and hesitated for ten seconds, but then he growled:

"I'll pay you, damn you. But you must release the woman."

"Give me the money and she will be allowed to go," said Mr. Mitchel, upon which the bookmaker counted out twenty one-thousand dollar bills and tore up the ticket with an oath.

Half of the money Mr. Mitchel gave to Melville, saying:

"That is your winning. The balance covers my note."

"But I do not understand——" began Melville.

"It is not necessary that you should—yet," said Mr. Mitchel. "Now go to your wife and be thankful that you are not a corpse."

On the following day Mr. Mitchel called at the office of Mattison & Co., and asked for a private interview with Mr. Mattison, which was granted. As he entered the inner office Mr. Mattison said quite pleasantly:

"I think I have already a slight acquaintance with you, Mr. Mitchel."

"Yes," was the reply. "I think I know you better than you do me. As your time is valuable, let me say at once that I have

come to you unknown to Mr. Melville, but in his behalf. I think his salary is five thousand per year?"

"Yes."

"I have come to ask you to make it ten."

"And why do you expect me to grant such a preposterous request?"

"Partly because it is not preposterous. And for several other reasons. In the first place, in a general way, I believe that men in positions of trust, handling tremendous sums of money, are not sufficiently well paid. That is one reason why we have defaulters like that man Gregory."

"Are you suggesting that Melville is short in his accounts?"

"I think his accounts are straight. But it might have been otherwise had I not given him that note—the one that you passed over to Jackson, the bookmaker, you know."

Mr. Mattison seemed uneasy under Mr. Mitchell's scrutiny and spoke nervously when he said:

"You suggested other reasons why his salary should be raised."

"One other is that his wife is the daughter of John Messenger, formerly of New Orleans."

This time the start was unmistakable.

"Make yourself clearer," said Mr. Mattison.

"I will. Ten years ago my friend Messenger was an inveterate follower of the races. At the particular time of which I speak there was to be a special match race. The favorite was heavily backed and Messenger received such information from the stable's people that he put up about all of his available fortune backing the horse. The favorite was beaten and Messenger blew out his brains, leaving his child practically penniless."

"How does this interest me?"

"I happened on that day to be in the grandstand, and by the merest chance noted how the defeat of the favorite was accomplished. It was quite curious. He really finished first, but the race was given to the other horse because when nearing the line, the favorite swerved and struck the other racer, pinching him against the rail. You could not guess how that was done?"

"How could I?" said Mr. Mattison, almost in a whisper.

"As I said, I saw the trick quite by accident. A woman sat in the corner of the stand. She had with her a small but brilliant circular mirror. With this she dexter-

ously directed a ray of sunlight onto the head and finally into the eye of the runner. Blinded by the dazzling light the horse swerved away from it, and fouling the other inevitably lost the race. Now, Mr. Mattison, our friend, Mr. Melville, the husband of the daughter of Mr. Messenger, who was ruined by the trick in New Orleans, had five thousand dollars—a year's salary—up on the favorite in the match race yesterday. By a singular fatality, apparently, the favorite, Manitou, was beaten in exactly the same manner as in the New Orleans race, and Melville would have blown his brains out but for my interference. Now, curiously enough, I happen to know and to be able to prove that the same woman who did the trick at New Orleans did it again yesterday. She is the sister of the man then known as Wilton, but now operating as Foster. She is also married to Jackson, the man who bet three to one all last week against Manitou, the man to whom you gave my note. I also know that Foster bought Manitou and paid for him with a check on your bank. More than that I know that the horse which was tricked out of the race at New Orleans was bought by Wilton and paid for likewise with a check on your bank. So much for what I know. Now I am not certain of my next statement, but I firmly believe that Mr. Melville knows that neither Wilton nor Foster ever had an account with you, and that when he drew those checks he had no funds on deposit in your bank, and that nevertheless those checks were promptly accepted. Now, if Mr. Melville has such knowledge and keeps such secrets, do you not think that a confidential man, as trustworthy as that ought to have his salary raised, especially when his wife is the daughter of poor old Mr. Messenger?"

There was a long silence, the two men gazing at each other as tigers might before a spring. The elder man at last weakened and lowered his eyes.

"I think you mentioned ten thousand per year as a fair salary?"

"Yes. I think Melville could support his wife, as she was accustomed to live when her father was alive, on that sum, and at the same time that he would henceforth be free from temptation of either Wall Street or the race tracks."

"I will give him the increase."

"I thought you would," said Mr. Mitchell, rising. "I bid you good-morning."



THE AGENT'S WIFE

BY ADA WOODRUFF ANDERSON

WHEN the government ship, carrying supplies to the Northwest missions, made her landing at Klawock, the curious population flocked down to the wharf. It was the usual reception. But Kasnoomalash did not join the rabble; he kept his place and his dignity, as a great tyee should, waiting before his tent up the shore. He was wrapped in his robe of state, that wonderful square of irregular pieces of red and blue flannel, with the united edges outlined in a running design of white pearl buttons, and further embellished with jingling shells and the polished teeth of bear.

Clalish, his favorite wife, who had belonged to a tribe far northward, and had learned to sew a little at a Catholic mission, had fashioned this robe. At the time the steamer approached she was shaping a burden basket, and she kept her position on the opposite side of the tent doorway, twining, wrapping industriously the split withes of seasoned willow and spruce roots.

On the earth between these two, clad only in a pink flannel shirt, frolicked their youngest born; and a pair of older children, wearing still less, for they alternately bathed in the sea and the sun-heated sand, darted into the tent to array themselves in their apron-like skirts. These also were ornamented with shells and rows of teeth, and the front of one was pictured with the royal crest, a raven done in bright threads. The hems of these garments were finished with a fringe of silver and brass thimbles, like the shells

punctured at the top and fastened to the cloth by a bit of wire.

These thimbles and the buttons had fallen to Kasnoomalash at the time the Indians appropriated the new agency's stores. The first superintendent, who had arrived the previous spring, had not stayed long at Klawock. He had found it necessary to travel forty miles alone in a canoe to the nearest post-office, where he had mailed his resignation; and he had not returned.

When Kasnoomalash recalled that agent, who had been an old man and alone with the tribe, a shadow crossed his bronze face. It was his nearest approach to a smile. The sun beat warmly on the rocks and the assimilation of much whale blubber, together with the government flour and sugar, had greatly increased his avoirdupois, but he drew his heavy robe closer and assumed a mask of indifference and pride.

The captain, who had come down the gangway, was bringing the new superintendent to meet the chief. And this was a young man, tall and broad of shoulder. He walked with a firm step, and his clear, quiet eyes swept the squalid camp as he came; nothing escaped him from the mongrel cur that snapped at his heels to the royal sea canoe beached under a near hemlock. The tyee felt all this in his own way, and he saw also that there came with the new agent a white squaw.

There had not been a white woman at Klawock before. But many moons ago, in

venturesome times when the chief was returning from a hunting trip to the north, he stopped at the mission, where he had found Clalish, and here he had seen the pale nuns. Later, when the tribes gathered for potlatch or burial near Fort Wrangel, he had seen the few women of the army post. But none had been like this one, who was slender and straight as a young fir, and had in her cheeks a touch of the changing maples. Her eyes, too, were like the shining sea, and her hair, wind-roughened, shone as a hundred bound sunbeams. Kasnoomalash loved color.

She carried a small black box, swung from her shoulder by a strap, and she paused presently to lift it, looking first at the chief and then into it through a hole covered by a bit of glass. It was not a music box, such as he had once bought of a coasting trader, though it made a short sound at her touch.

Clalish watched her with growing distrust, then directly she put aside her basket to rise and examine this box, taking it roughly in her hands. But the girl drew it firmly away, smiling and swinging it to her farther side.

The captain addressed Kasnoomalash in Chinook, that mixed language current among the tribes. He upbraided him for his treatment of the first agent, and for so rapidly appropriating the mission stores. And he warned him that the government would not keep the tribes in idleness; the salmon run must not be neglected, and the log cabins, begun in the spring, must be finished and occupied by the time of the rains. The new superintendent would teach them many things, and they would find him a different man.

Kasnoomalash heard in silence, studying gravely a distant line of the sea. When the agent stepped forward and spoke haltingly a few words of that court language which was new to his lips, the tyee did not touch his proffered hand, and he answered only with a long drawn:

"Hwah."

The agent's wife, who was a college woman and had made research into the customs of heathen peoples, believed that the chief was offended at the familiarity, and she approached him with an elaborate and conciliatory salaam, throwing out her palms and bending her bright head abjectly, almost to his knees. Kasnoomalash did not know this was the manner of meeting great potentates, but the attention pleased him mightily. That shadow, his limit to a smile,

crossed his face, and he not only nodded his head several times in acknowledgment, but loosened a huge polished tooth from his robe, offering it to her. And Clalish saw with increasing dislike, for was not this the tooth of the hyas white bear, which Kasnoomalash had tracked over the ice and killed that time in the far north?

The girl salaamed once more and said, "Hyas closh okook," putting together the words of the Chinook vocabulary she had learned on the voyage. And she added, with seductive flattery, "Hyas closh tyee," which certainly meant great and good chief. Then she turned with a sweeping bow that took in all the following, and smiled and added, "Clahowya, Clahowya."

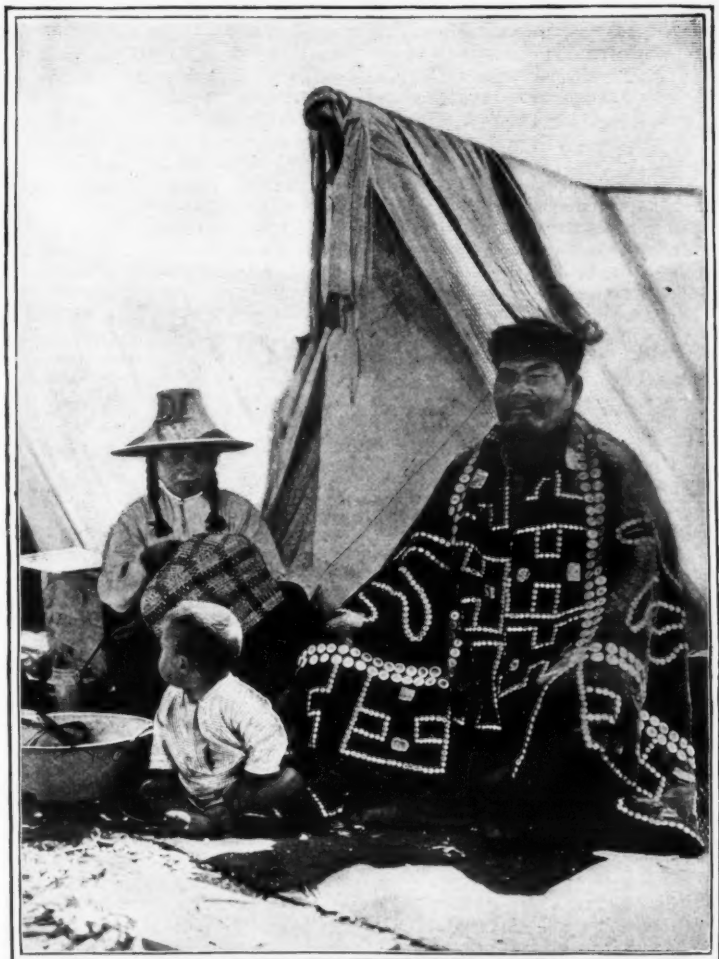
It was all very prettily done, but the captain of the ship, knitting his brows, turned away abruptly, taking his companions in the direction of the log house which was to be the superintendent's quarters. It consisted of one large apartment with rough-hewn floor, log walls calked with mud, and a second room used for the storing of the mission supplies. The windows deep set in the heavy timbers, were provided with solid shutters secured by stout beams, and the two outer doors also were fastened by bars held in great iron sockets. In short, it was built after the manner of the early trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, a simple blockhouse of fir.

"You see," said the captain, finally, "it is just as I told you, and no place for a woman, Farley. You must send your wife back with me."

"Back," said she, forestalling her husband's answer. "Back? How can you think so poorly of me?" There was a vibration in her voice, her eyes flamed. "But you don't understand," she went on quickly. "The girls—my friends at college—have great faith in me. They envied me this opportunity. To go back is to make them believe I have thrown away a—career."

"Career?" The captain shook his head slowly and fell to smoothing his iron gray hair. "Career? Well, my dear, it isn't the career I would like to see my daughter choose. I tell you, Farley," and his voice deepened, "there isn't a man on earth I would let her so sacrifice herself for. If I found myself compelled to spend a season in this wilderness, among these Siwash, I would stay alone; she should not share the time with me."

"The captain is right," said the agent, and he did not meet her look. "I hadn't



Kasnoomalash, Clalish, His Favorite Wife, and Their Youngest Born.

dreamed I was bringing you into a hole like this, Marian."

"Are you going back, Joslyn?" she asked, slowly.

"I? Oh, no; how could I?" and he laughed.

"Then," said she, throwing her chin high, "do not ask it of me. Why," she added, turning to the captain, "I shall be so busy the winter will fly. I shall write it all up, you see, for the college journal, and we shall arrange to illustrate with my own photographs."

"As to the camera," said the captain, "you must be careful. I doubt these Siwash ever saw one before, and they are densely superstitious. Come, my dear, take an old man's advice. It goes against my conscience to leave you here."

But a girl who has taken her degree does not so easily throw up a "career." And if a man must say to his bride of a few weeks, "Go," he is not to be blamed that his eyes plead "Stay." So the ship steamed out of the harbor while she stood gayly waving her handkerchief from the wharf.

"Oh," said she finally, "how could you have believed it of me, Joslyn? How could you? And think if I had gone; if I had left you alone in this dismal place with these savages? Why, I should never have respected myself again, never."

She was not slow in adapting herself to her surroundings and in utilizing the material at hand to make their log house habitable. The floor was covered with the matting of cedar bast, woven in that checkered design of the Northern Indians; hangings of it concealed the rough walls, and two great screens of it divided a large corner into a bedchamber. The warm browns and maize tones of the seasoned bark formed a pleasing background for the gay trinkets—small canoes, paddles, wooden spoons and bows and baskets—for which she bartered in the intervals when she visited the camp.

At the close of the week Farley was in the storeroom checking off the supplies left with him by the steamer, when the door opened and his wife came in from the living place.

"Oh," said she, "I have some lovely pictures, Joslyn. When the girls see them they will call the inland sea the highway to fairyland. The lighting on the water came out beautifully."

She spread a collection of photographs, taken on that journey up the Pacific, on the desk before him, and waited while he expressed his pleasure that they had developed so well.

"But the gem of all," she said, adding another print, "is this of Kasnoomalash. Doesn't it look exactly as he did that day we came?"

"Why, yes," he said, "it is perfect. The best professional couldn't have gotten better results." He regarded the picture with growing amusement. "It is great," he added.

"And think," said she, "I can't send these pictures home for months or even hear from the girls."

"Oh," he answered, expressing a hope he hardly felt, "a trading ship may run in, or a passing sealing schooner might be waylaid. Perhaps we shall even be able to make a mail carrier of one of the Indians, and send him as far as Fort Wrangel in a canoe."

"The captain called the distance forty miles," she said, doubtfully, "but these Indians use their paddles like wings; they

almost live in their canoes. And I believe I could nearly manage one myself, just from watching them." She laughed softly and gathered up her prints, and she stopped in the doorway to say, "I am going on the beach, Joslyn."

He suspended his pencil over his notebook to look after her. "Remember to not go far, Marian. I shall be ready soon to go out and come back with you."

He felt an insecurity in having her on the shore alone, and he worked quickly, setting his figures and moving from case to case. Suddenly he heard a sound that made him drop his book and catch his breath for a repetition. The cry was followed by a medley of voices drawing nearer, and he sprang to the outer door, throwing it wide.

His wife came swiftly down the beach before a mob of squaws. He saw that she ran with her arm thrown over her head warding off a pelting storm of sticks and stones. The next moment he was with her, his big frame shielding hers, and drawing her into the house he closed and barred the door.

He moved quickly from window to window, dropping shutters and barring them. While the rabble spent a volley of blows on the heavy door. He took his pistol from a drawer, saw that it was charged, and together with a box of cartridges dropped it in his pocket. When he came back to her she was standing still, facing that entrance; head up, eyes flaming, the courage of her early Puritan foremothers in the pose of her slim frame.

"It will take harder blows than those to break through," he said, and he drew her into a chair and sinking to one knee beside her, asked: "What happened, Marian? Tell me."

"It was the print of Kasnoomalash." She lifted her hand and glanced at the picture which she had kept unconsciously. "I showed it to his wife, Clalish. I thought it would please her and tried to explain how I had taken it with my camera. But she fell into a passion and began to rock herself and cry aloud. Then suddenly she sprang up and snatched the kodak and dashed it on the stones, and stamped on it, shattering it to bits. The other squaws gathered, and she commenced to beat herself, crying louder and louder, and to tell them in Indian. It ended in a soft sort of dirge, and they all joined the chorus. They were very angry and began to drive me as—you saw." Her courage ebbed for a moment, and dropping



The Sons of Kasnoomalash in Their Best Clothes.

her face on her husband's breast she fell to sobbing. "I don't understand," she said. "What was it, Joslyn?"

"It is hard to determine," he answered, stroking her bright hair, "but they have some superstition about the camera. I must find out."

The blows on the panel ceased finally, and with various howls and cries the mob drew away from the entrance. The departing voices grew fainter and died up the shore.

The long twilight deepened into night, but he waited until the camp was silent before he ventured to open the door.

"Slip the bolt behind me," he said, "and do not draw it unless you hear me speak outside."

She put down her terror and waited, listening at the panels, breath coming short and quick, her soul in her eyes. But she caught at length his returning step and his voice was at the door. She drew the bar

and let him in. "You saw Clalish?" she asked.

"No, I didn't try to find her. I saw one of the men." He pushed the beam into place and went on quietly. "It seems that she believes that print of Kasnoomalash is his soul, and the camera a sort of trap you used for catching it. You understand, dear, the whole tribe believe in witchcraft. They have taken her interpretation of that photograph, and of course it's a pretty serious matter to them that their chief has lost his soul."

"I see," she said, slowly, "I see." And she added, putting her hand on his sleeve and compelling his look, "what do they do with witches, Joslyn?"

"Oh, don't think of that; don't let it trouble you. Why, I am here to break down just such superstitions."

He said this with his head high and the dominant note in his voice, but afterward, when he had quieted her—persuading her to lie down and reading to her in the pleasant monotone that lulled her to sleep—he drew a full breath and faced clearly their extremity. He was gratified that she had not heard the captain tell that story of the three squaws up the coast, burned for witchcraft only last year. Then he rose from his chair and began to walk the floor, quietly so as not to disturb her, trying to shape method out of a hundred clamoring thoughts.

"I was a fool to bring her here," he told himself. "I have been a selfish fool from the start."

And he came back to his seat by the table that held the reading-lamp, and dropped his face on his arms. It was the gesture of a young and determined man who for the first time sees, but is not ready to meet, certain defeat.

He kept this position long, and he still rested so, his arms on the table, his face pillowed there, when his wife wakened. She rose from the couch and drew near softly, bending to catch his regular breathing. He was asleep. Then she went to a shelf, and from a small collection of bric-a-brac, selected a Japanese box, placing in it the picture of Kasnoomalash and staying the gay inlaid cover with a ribbon. She crossed the floor noiselessly, watching the sleeper, and slipped the heavy bar with infinite care, and opening the door stepped out into the night.

The beach was quiet; only the voice of the sea broke in a long swell, and near objects took shape dimly in that indistinct light of a not yet risen moon.

"If this is his soul," she reasoned, "they must be made to see that I am ready to return it, myself, of my own free will, and that I am not greatly—afraid. That is the first step."

Still she only ventured to lay the box in the doorway of the lodge. Then she found that the place was deserted, and while she wavered, from up the beach, drawing nearer, she caught the sounds of that dirgelike singing; the lament of Clalish swelled by that unhappy chorus. As she turned to hurry away a small dog came yelping from the tent, and presently as she quickened her steps to a run, all the camp was at her heels. The next moment she was overtaken, and a squad of clamorous squaws pulled and harried her back.

Her voice rang above the discord in one sharp note of appeal, "Joslyn!"

The cry penetrated the walls of the cabin, and brought Farley awake and to his feet. A glance at the empty couch, another at the unbarred door, and he was across the room and out upon the shore. As he ran in the direction of the camp his eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, and he was able to individualize the crowd; the phalanx of angry squaws around Marian, enclosed by the quieter Siwashas. Then he saw the klootchmen put aside by Kasnoomalash, who took the prisoner, hurrying her to a near canoe. He lifted her in and with unaccustomed haste sent the craft grating from the beach, but before he could raise his own ponderous bulk over the side, Farley, breaking loose from the detaining women, reached the place and threw the great tyee sprawling backward, half on the rocks, half in the sea.

A moment later Farley was in the canoe, and lifting the paddle, with that telling stroke which had helped to distinguish his team at college, sent the craft swinging well over the first swell. There was a babel of cries; stones, sticks fell hotly around him. He was struck sharply on the hand and again on the cheek. Then after a brief interval he caught the dip of other paddles, and glancing back, he saw a nearing prow. It was then he took the pistol from his pocket and fired a warning into the air. The pursuers stopped and came on haltingly, with renewed shouts and imprecations. He fired once more, and presently as he paddled, skilfully setting the bow quartering to the increasing waves, he knew that the pressing danger was past, for the voices grew fainter, and when he looked that way again he saw

a widening distance between him and the returning canoe.

His wife was still lying amidships, where the chief had placed her, but she lifted her head, propping her elbow on the floor, her cheek in her hand. She said nothing and the light was dim, but he read clearly the rising courage and trust in her sweet eyes.

A heavy crest broke over the canoe; another.

"There is a mat at your feet," he said, "cover yourself with it, Marian, and place that basket to ease your back. I must try to rig the sail and steady her."

But while he set the crude mast and rigged the lugsail of matting, she crept to the stern and taking the paddle, caught imperfectly that dip and steering movement she had learned by watching the Indians.

The sail steadied the craft, and rounding a headland, they moved easily before the wind. The moon in her last quarter rose over the lofty heights of the archipelago and silvered the sea. The breeze freshened. He threw off his coat and wrapped it about her.

"Where are we going?" she asked. "Have you a plan, Joslyn?"

"Why, yes," he answered. "I am trying to shape a course for Fort Wrangel. With this wind we should make it to-morrow."

"And at Wrangel?" said she.

"Why, at Wrangel——" He hesitated, then went on with abrupt frankness: "Of course I must go back, Marian. And I think I shall be able to get a few men from the barracks to go back with me, and stay until I have things straightened. I suppose Kasnoolalash will have looted the house and made a great tangle."

"And Clalish will have found his soul. I left the picture just inside the tent; she must surely find it."

"It was a great risk, greater than you

understand." He looked at her, knitting his level brows. "I have been thinking it out, Marian, and I believe you can be made comfortable at Wrangel. The officers' wives will be glad to make room for you; and it will be pleasant for me to feel you are so near—unless—you would rather go—home."

"I would rather go home if you will take me, Joslyn."

"Oh, but how can I?" The line of perplexity deepened between his brows. "You wouldn't have me a coward, Marian."

"No," she said, softly. "No, but home is there at Klawock, Joslyn."

When the government ship on her return trip stopped at Wrangel, and the captain heard of the proceedings at Klawock he took off his cap, after his custom when ruffled, and smoothed his grizzled hair.

"So," said he. "So Farley went back and brought those Siwashes to their senses. I always believed a little show of spirit and determination would do it. And that young woman," he added, with a gleam of humor in his stern eyes, "having experienced her 'career,' was doubtless ready to go home."

"On the other hand, she went back with him." The barracks commandant paused to light his cigar. "It was she who first made the chief understand things and brought him around. The aborigines are like so many children, alternately cross and pleased, ready to put aside a grievance for a new trinket. And she began by giving him an old silver watchcase she had begged of me, strung on a chain of big colored beads, to wear around his neck, and keep that photograph of himself in. It gratified him mightily. Even the squaw Clalish quieted down, and they got on intimate terms with the picture in opening the case to try the spring."

THE CAPTIVE

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

Wide is the world and wide the open seas,
Yet I who fare from pole to pole, remain
A prisoned hunger, pacing ill at ease
Earth's cage, a torn hope tugging at its chain.

Time was when I too madly did aspire
And stormed His bars in some old burst of rage:
But lo, my Keeper, with his brands of fire,
Hath cowed me quite, and bade me love his cage!

ANTS

By HARVEY SUTHERLAND

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise: which having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

FOR the measured melody of these lines, which come to us like a beautiful song heard in childhood and ever since forgotten, we must give credit to King James' scholars, but I like to think, in spite of what the higher critics say, that the sense is King Solomon's, and that he, the Augustus of the Jewish empire, found time amid all his multifarious duties to get down on his hands and knees in the back yard and watch the busy emmets at their work. When you remember that he was the chairman of the building committee of the temple, and any parish vestryman knows what that means; when you remember that he was judge of his people as well as their king and had to hear police court cases and make Mrs. Ryan stop calling Mrs. Cassidy out of her name up the dumb-waiter shaft; when you remember that he wrote a thousand and five songs and three thousand proverbs (hardest things in the world to get right; poetry is nothing to them); that he spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, he spake also of beasts and fowl and of creeping things, and of fishes; and when you remember that on top of all he had a large and expensive family to keep, seven hundred wives, all princesses in their own right, and all quarreling about who should go down to dinner first, I hope you will appreciate the worth of the man that wrote the saying which heads this article. He was a nice fellow. He belonged to our lodge.

I am all the better pleased with King Solomon now that he has been vindicated, for I don't mind telling you that there was one while when he was rather under a cloud, as far as entomologists were concerned. They were free to admit that the wise king might have *thought* he saw ants carrying cereals into their nests, but they said that an inaccurate observer might easily mistake what the bird-fanciers call "ants' eggs," but which are really ants' cocoons or pupæ, for wheat which they much resemble. But

real grains of wheat, oh, never. Ants' mouths are made to bite, not chew, and they live on juices which they lap up with their tongues as a cat laps milk. More than that, Huber and many other students had watched ants for years, almost every hour of the day and night, recording everything they did, and not one had ever seen an ant eat a seed or even bring one into the house except violet seeds which look enough like cocoons to deceive the very elect.

It made no difference that the classic writers spoke of ants storing cereal and other grains and that Claudius Ælianus told how they twisted the seeds from herbs and cast them down "to the people below"—quaint phrase that; it made no difference that the Talmud gave decision as to whether the owner or the renter of land was entitled to the contents of the emmets' granaries found on it (I forget which it was, but you may be sure that the ants had no equity in the matter; the constitution does not apply to them, *ex proprio vigore* or *ex* any other *vigore*.) None of these things moved the entomologists, who went right on holding the views of the celebrated John P. Robinson.

"John P.
Robinson, he
Says they didn't know everything down in Judee."

But one day a physician snuggled his ear up against the chest of a scientist named Moggridge, had him breathe hard and say, "Ha!" and advised him to spend the winter some place where it wasn't so cold as in England. There was nothing to be alarmed about, but—One guinea, yes, and don't go out without overshoes. "Ordered south." When we hear that fateful phrase we sigh and cannot help ourselves, for we know the ending of that story. But Moggridge was not the kind of man to sit out in the sun at Mentone and wonder whether his cough was really better than it was the day before. He went out on the warm slopes and watched the ants fight. One nest he saw carry on a campaign against another nest from January 18 to March 4, murdering and pillaging and kidnaping baby ants, and

otherwise establishing a stable government, and all of a sudden a thrill shot through him. Part of the plunder was seeds! They were right, after all, Solomon and Talmud, Plautus and Ælianus. Life was no longer a matter of avoiding draughts and remembering to take the brown medicine every three hours and the white medicine before meals. He had something to tell the world, and though he might die before his time, yet he would live forever, perhaps not in the memories of the common herd, but in the memories of the men that he would choose for friends and companions, the men that would know and understand. And then, as the sweet spring of Southern France ripened into summer he saw the ants gather their harvest into the garner, just as Ælianus had said they did, one gnawing at the peduncle and the other twisting off and casting "to the people below" the seedpod of shepherd's purse, which we Americans often call peppergrass and twine among the bird cage wires for the canary.

He played a little joke on these ants. He strewed porcelain beads in their way. With high triumph they fell upon the pretty shining seeds and carried them home. He never found out who it was that told them: "Well, ain't you the big fools to be luggin' them things into the house! For half a cent I'd make you eat 'em. Why, them ain't seeds; them's stones, you gumps. Trow 'em out every one of 'em. Here, you! Come back here and carry out that stone you jist now brung in." But somebody must have spoken words of wisdom of this import, for they immediately brought out the beads and dumped them far from the nest, and when, thereafter, an ant went by a bead she never let on she saw it.

Other observers in warm climates soon verified Moggridge's discovery. Dr. Lincecum, McCook, Mrs. Treat and others, found that ants not only collect and thresh out the seeds of *Aristides stricta*, or ant rice, but that they weed out all other growing things from the garden spot about their nests. When the crops are gathered in they clear away the stubble. Dr. Lincecum was convinced that they seeded down their gardens, but other observers shake their heads and say that is a little too much. They are willing to admit that the harvester ants pave the top of their nests with little white stones, and that they cut roads through the grass so as to facilitate commerce, because they have seen the emmets do that, but planting the ant rice for next year is more

than they will subscribe to. It is pretty certain that in order to make the hard grains edible they are allowed to sprout a little and then are stopped by nibbling away the root tip. The ants can keep grains from germinating when they can get at them. The sprouting seed softens and turns sweet and splits. The ant licks up the goody. So far as known, no ant has taken the next step after malting, the brewing of beer. They chew tobacco, at least, the leaf-cutting ants do, but they don't indulge in any intoxicating beverages.

I often think that the grasshopper La Fontaine tells about in his celebrated work, "First Steps in French," must have sauced back after he got the offensively virtuous answer to his polite request for a cold bite or at least a cup of coffee. He was an actor out of work, singing at the summer resorts, and now that the season had closed—"You sung all summer; go dance all winter," said the ant and slammed the door in his face. "There are others," bawled the grasshopper, going out of the front gate, and that is true, too, for almost no ants make provision for the winter months. They simply go to sleep and wait for the spring trade to open up. But if in colder climates they do not engage in agricultural pursuits there is another industry in which they are quite successful. I mean stock-raising.

Like the rest of us, they have a sweet tooth. Now, honey is produced by very many plants in their blossoms, but not for ants. Flowers advertise quite extensively, but only for flying customers. They hang out bright colors and bunch themselves together so that any bee or butterfly that is not totally blind may find them. In the case of the rhododendron they even go so far as to announce, "This way to the bar." For the evening trade they dress in white and are strongly perfumed. Bees and butterflies and such like crawl in, all bedaubed with pollen from other flowers of the same kind, and thus the plants are cross-fertilized, but ants and crawling things climb up and suck honey from a clover and then go to the next plant which may not be a clover at all, and so the flower has wasted its honey and its pollen all for nothing. That is, it would if it let the ants do as they wanted. But it doesn't. When an ant comes around all the honey-bearing flowers shake their heads and say: "Nothing for you. Not to-day. No, no. Go on away. Get out now or I'll set the dog on you." Some defend their blossoms with regular *chevaux de frise* of bristles and

stickers; some make their stems gummy and hairy; some, like the snapdragon, shut up so tight that an ant cannot get in and make the flower stalk so dingle-dangling and so slippery that the ant falls off. Some open early and close early, knowing that bees rise betimes while ants are notorious slug-a-beds. But that there is a determined purpose to boycott the ants is evident from the fact that amphibious plants when they grow in the water where emmets cannot get to them omit the defenses they throw up when they grow on the land. On the other hand, some plants, recognizing the fact that ants are great for destroying worms and caterpillars, set out a kind of cheap lunch for them on the under side of the leaves. The acacia even goes so far as to grow hollow thorns as company houses for the ants as well as furnishing them sweet syrup. But I think the smartest trick of all is played by the *melampyrum pratense*. It knew that the soil on an ant hill was more than usually fertile and well stirred up, so it sat with its head in its hands for a long time and thought out this plan of action: "Ants like honey. I'll squeeze out a little for them. They think the world and all of their young ones. I'll make my seeds look like their cocoons, and more than that, I'll make them smell like their cocoons. They'll carry 'em under ground, and when spring comes they'll sprout." It worked like a charm, and you will find the *melampyrum pratense* growing on ant hills where no other plant is allowed. It looks like a low-down trick to play, but where there is so much competition it doesn't do to be too particular.

The oak is one of the plants that set out honey dew in order to get police protection from insects that live upon sweets, like bees and wasps and ants. It doesn't need more than one threatening movement with the sting of a *Cremogaster* to make a grub conclude it had better go somewhere else. If the ant does not sting it sprays a stream of formic acid that blinds and maddens its opponent, as well it might, for it is exactly the same stuff that is in nettles. Some ants can spit venom eighteen inches. And, as if stinging was not enough, when an ant bites it never lets go. You can pull its head off and it still grips. When a South American Indian gets a bad cut he does not stitch it up but draws the lips of the wound together, makes ants bite them, and then snips their bodies off. Their jaws hold the cut together till it heals.

This oak tree honey has developed a special industry among the ants in the Garden of the Gods. They collect it and store it, not in cells like the bees, but in the crops of their fellow workers. It is probably the only animal on earth that converts itself into a self-sealing can for the good of the community. They hang to the roof of their dwellings and every time a worker comes in with a load of honey and rams it down their throats, "Oh! oh!" I can fancy them gasping, "that's enough. Oh! I feel as if I should burst. So distressing. Oh, now. Oh, please, please wait till I get this down. What! more? Well, this is the last. Oh, dear! Here comes another." They are as tight as drumheads, and they stretch more and more till they get to be as big as a Delaware grape. Their poor little insides are crowded up so that they practically do not exist, and the creature is a mere crop on legs, utterly helpless. When another ant gets hungry it goes up to one of these rotunds and tickles it, kitchy-kitchy, and feeds on the honey it regurgitates. The Mexicans put a plateful of these rotunds on the table for dessert. McCook says they are good, and that the honey has a pleasant tartness, but adds that he does not think that rearing them for market will ever become a great industry.

Not only do plants secrete honey dew, but aphides suck the vegetable juices, convert them into sweet liquid and give down a drop or two when tickled by ants' antennae, just as cows give down milk. Whenever an ant finds one of these plant lice it says, "Nice aphid, nice aphid! Yes, oo was a nice old aphid," and strokes and pets it till the creature exudes its drop of syrup. Some ants are like the Indians and take their chances of running across a good thing, but others more civilized keep aphides in herds, build underground stables for them and covered ways up the stalks of plants so that no harm may come to them. Certain aphides are winged, and might fly away so the ants tear their wings off, leaving a hole in the top of the stable so the undomesticated male aphides may come in when they want to. Just before frost the female aphid lays her eggs and the worker-ants gather around her and seem to comfort and stimulate her in her task, while they carry off the eggs and store them in the nest. And then when the eggs are laid she can go hang for all they care; they're done with her. She is left to perish in the frost. They don't see as they are called upon to do anything

in the matter. Her sphere of usefulness was ended, and if they had to take care of every old, played-out bug that came along—Why, mercy me!

Delightfully human, aren't they?

The aphides have very formidable enemies which the ants fight as men fight wolves and enemies of the flock. There is the ichneumon fly that asks nothing better than to lay an egg or two in their soft bodies, and there is the aphid-lion, which is very terrible. Its mother is a dear, sweet thing, that you would think fit only to go on an Easter card, so pale and æsthetic are her blue-green wings. But her children are such regular little "divvels" that she dare not lay her eggs in one mass, for the first one out would eat up all the rest. So she spins a lot of stalks of stiff silk and sticks one egg on the end of each, thereby giving each young one a chance for its life. Considering that the ants defend their flocks of aphides, stable them and keep their eggs over from October till March does not this constitute stock-raising and justify the use of the expression "ants' cattle," as applied to aphides?

There is a lot that is human about these little ants. They like to play and cut up; they make believe to fight and when they wrestle in fun they roll all around like schoolboys. They wash and brush each other and stretch out under the process as much as to say, "My! that feels good." When they sleep they often lie on their sides, and sometimes squat down on their abdomen and the last pair of legs for all the world like a man taking a nap. When they wake up they gape and stretch themselves, and all but say, "Ho hum!" They always wash themselves and comb their hair as soon as they get up, and that without having to be told like some little persons I know, but will not name here.

They are like us in keeping pets about the house. Ants counted 584 species of insects, nearly all of them beetles, that are habitually to be found in ants' nests. They must be there with their consent for an interloper is instantly killed. Some of them are milch-cattle, like the aphides, such as caterpillars that give syrup and the little blind beetle *claviger*, which secretes honey from a tuft at the base of its wings. If one of these *clavigers* is put into the nest of strange ants they fall upon it and slaughter it at once. Some kinds of wood lice are kept as scavengers, and the silverfish or bristletail and the larva of the elater beetle, are handy to have around to do the heavy

digging under the supervision of the workers. Many of these domesticated animals are unable to feed themselves. Lespes saw some ants eating sugar. A *Lomechusa* of their nest came up and nuzzled them till they fed it. Afterward it climbed up on the lump of sugar, but did not seem to know to get the good of it for itself. But also there are pets about which are as useless as a pug-dog, if another such a thing in the universe can be imagined. The little *Stenamma westwoodii* pranks about in the hills of *Formica rufa* and *F. pratensis*. It runs along with them, jumps on their backs and takes a ride, and, if for any reason the nest is removed, they go along.

Then there is another little ant in these nests that is by no means a pet. It digs its galleries in the partitions so small that the big ants cannot get in to kill them. Every once in a while a *Salenopsis fugax* darts out, snatches up a baby and runs with it into its den, where it eats it up. It is as if we had cannibal dwarfs lurking in the walls and now and then carrying off one of the children to be devoured at horrid banquets behind the plastering.

But if we begin calling hard names we might as well keep it up and admit first at last that all ants are cannibals and feed not only on other kinds of ants, but even upon their own species, when they are not of the same household. They capture and carry off the eggs, larvæ and pupæ of other nests, and what they do not have for dinner to-day they fatten for to-morrow. It is supposed that in this way they got into the habit of keeping slaves. The young captive ants came out of their cocoons, and being naturally industrious they bustled about and gave the babies their nimmy-nimmy when they cried for it, swept the floor and carried in the coal till the approving workers of the captors began to talk to each other like this: "That *fusca* is a handy little thing about the house. Seems a kind of a pity to kill her when we got so much fresh meat on hand, and right in the busy season when help is hard to get. She's so good to the children, too. Let's keep her a while. What do you say?" And then when it was decided to put off butchering day they went to *fusca* and said, "*Fusca*, we've concluded not to kill you for a spell yet. You can stay around and do up the work, but mind, if there are any complaints about you, or the children are neglected, or you give any of your back talk— Well, there'll be fresh meat for supper, do you understand?"

And *fusca* dropped a curtsey and made answer: "Yaiss, missy. T'ank yo', missy. Ah'll do de bes' Ah kin." (It is almost needless to say that *F. fusca* is a black ant.)

F. sanguineas can do their own work and often do not keep slaves at all, but they are little thought of in ant circles. The real nobility and gentry are *Polyergus rufescens* and *Polyergus lucidus*. Work? They work? No, indeed. You don't see them demeaning themselves building and minding the children, collecting food or even feeding themselves, if you please. When the nest is changed they do not set foot to the ground; they are carried by slaves. They have always been accustomed to having help about the house. But they can fight. Their mandibles are fit only to crush other ants' heads. Huber put thirty of them in a box with honey and a lot of their larvæ and pupæ. What followed reminds one of the stories of the South in the Reconstruction period. They walked around, picked up the children in an awkward way as if they knew something ought to be done, they couldn't just remember what, and laid them down again. There was honey over there that ought to be served. You, Pomp! Why is that black rascal at? But there was no Pompey, and they fell to pining for the days befo' the waw. They made them no dwelling. Half of them died of starvation. Then Huber put in a single black ant. Dinah, I think her name was, or Aunt Debby, I won't be sure which, and she began to do about. She built a house and attended to the children, helped the young ants out of their cocoons and fed and groomed the old ones till they were once more able to go about discoursing on the eentellaictual eenfe'io'ity of the niggro, sah.

Ants have cemeteries, and it is characteristic of them that the slaves are not buried with their masters, but in another place, over by the back fence among the ragweeds and burdocks.

It must be confessed that *F. fusca* is not very much on defending its own hearth and home. Let *F. sanguinea* or *P. lucidus* hearken to the call of Duty and Destiny to the strenuous life and its attendant necessity of extending the blessings of civilization and all *F. fusca* can do is to grab its children and run around like a hen with its head off, screaming: "Oh, Lawdy, Lawdy! Hyah come dem ar Ku Kluckers!" while the superior race walk up to them and slap them over with a "Here, you! gimme that baby. Give it to me or I'll ----" And then

after the ruin is complete *fusca* sits and weeps over the wreck.

But it is not always a Manila Bay for the invaders. Some resist and put up a fight that would delight Senator Hoar to witness. I do not know that I had better go into details. It might be considered treasonable in these days. I guess I had better say nothing more about it, but go on and present the problem that puzzles the entomologists, how *strongylognathus* and *anergates* get slaves at all. They are few in numbers and *strongylognathus* is hopelessly outclassed as a fighter. It never by any chance slays an enemy, and it displays a gift like that of a British army officer for getting killed in engagements. The battles are all won by the slaves, the creatures that have their nests under brick sidewalks. They are regular Teddy Roosevelts in war, but the misguided things fight against their own countrymen with a glad heart. Then the *anergates* does not raise any workers or soldiers at all. They are all males and females and no eggs, larvæ or pupæ for the pavement-ant slaves are ever found in their nests. Yet they must have slaves, for they cannot feed themselves. They cannot kidnap them, they are not able, and they do not rear them. What's the secret of it? An early answer will oblige many suburbanites who have difficulty in securing cooks, nursery maids and upstairs girls.

From these high-class ants that never do a lick of work to those that prowl around, dwelling where they can and living by the chase, incapable of more than the simplest kinds of communal effort, are all the gradations that one finds in human society from the multi-millionaire to the Digger Indian. It is a comfort to be able to announce that among these low savages are the red ants that from living under stones have come to biting away the mortar between the bricks of houses for their troglodyte dens. There are drawbacks to this mode of living, boiling water, for instance, and this dreadful corrosive sublimate which make ants go mad and bite each other, but then it has its conveniences, too. It is handy to the sugar bowl and the cake box. Some ants make nests of pure silk between leaves, and until quite recently where the silk came from was a dark mystery, for ants do not spin. The pupæ, though, secrete a gummy fluid from the mouth, which, when drawn out into a thread, toughens as it dries. The worker picks up a baby as if it were one of these sponge mucilage bottles, dabs its face

against the leaf and spins out the silk to build a home. Some ants bore out elaborate chambers and galleries in trees and have developed a kind of worker, a big-headed, flat-faced fellow that stands in the doorway and does his specialty entitled, "The Living Cork." If you know the password you can get in. If not, you stay out. It does not do the least good to bite at the tiler. His antennæ are laid back out of the way, but his jaws are quite handy, and if you get into trouble don't come bawling to me. I warned you. Some ants do not have any nest at all, but just roll up into a ball when night comes. They move in a column about four feet wide, and everything in their path has to look out for itself except the birds in the trees. Cockroaches, fool-like, run under the first thing they see and their end is sudden. Spiders show considerable intelligence in getting out of the way, but old grand-daddy longlegs stands his ground, lifting up one leg and then another out of the way till sometimes all but three of his eight are in the air, outwardly calm, but inwardly a prey to the direst fear. It is this ant that makes life in the tropics less of a struggle with certain forms of low life that we do not like to talk about. Sometimes our own Western Indians, particularly those that have an old maidish and fussy desire for more solitude in their clothing, lay their furs and blankets on an ant hill and achieve the desired results even though the exterminators are not so destructive as the South American ants that have been seen to kill a four-foot snake. The natives say that no boa constrictor will swallow its victim till it has looked around for ants that might devour it while heavy with sleep.

The fornicary Four Hundred, however, dig their dwellings in the earth and have probably done much to make the soil cultivable. They know the use of the arch, and their architecture shows greater adaptability than the bee's, although bees are not the mere machines that some would have us think. These homes are practically permanent since under favorable circumstances queens will live from eight to ten years and workers six or seven. The males do not count for much. Their function is analogous to a penny cake of yeast for the family baking. The males and the virgin queens are winged, and on a September morn they go on a wedding journey. The males fall to the ground and the birds get them. The females come back home, tear off their wings

and start in to lay thirty-five or forty worker eggs. These workers are undeveloped females, who sometimes lay eggs without love, courtship or marriage. The worst of it is that their children always turn out to be boys. The queens live together without quarreling and do nothing but lay eggs. Once in a while they may take a walk out of doors, but always with a bodyguard of workers attending. It is easy to see how the nest increases in population until it has been estimated that some settlements of *F. exsectoides* in the Alleghanies contain between 200,000,000 and 400,000,000 inhabitants, all living in peaceable relations with each other, all hostile unto death to any intruder even of the same species from another nest.

Now, then, how do they know who's who? Mr. Darwin has well said that an ant's brain is the most wonderful atom of matter in the world, but even so, it cannot be that each ant can remember every one of 200,000,000 fellow laborers. Keep an ant a year and a half out of its own nest and when it is put back it is recognized as a friend. Sir John Lubbock divided a nest of *fusca* in the spring before there were any eggs. When they had been laid, had hatched into the cornucopia-shaped grubs, sorted by the workers into classes according to their age and size, comically like a graded school; had been promoted into the grammar grade of cocoons and had graduated into mature ants, the divided house was reunited. The old folks at home that had not seen even the eggs of these young ones were civil to them and asked them how they did, and if they didn't think it was nice weather they were having. It was thought that maybe the nursing ants had given the younger ones the password, but when eggs from one nest were reared to maturity by workers from another nest and then restored to the old homestead of the forty-four that came back only seven were attacked. How do they recognize their own?

I have pretended all along in this article that they could talk to each other, but, of course, they cannot. Experiments show that the most they can do is to nudge one another, and that they are unable to give directions that will tell their comrades where the food is that they have found. They can not hear, for they do not make sounds. The microphone proves that, for though the ants could be heard tramping about, not one of them was whistling a popular air or calling out to know who had the screw-driver last.

Penny whistles blown, a violin played, and the most startling noises that Sir John Lubbock could make with his voice did not alarm them in the least. It seems likely that they do not see very well, which is no more than could be expected when they have one set of compound eyes that see things right side up and one set of simple eyes that see things upside down, as ours do. It must keep them guessing. But they are susceptible to light in much the same way as a photographic plate. Daylight gives them the fidgets, but when it is broken up into the spectrum they prefer the red end to the violet end, and often as it is reversed they pick up the children and take them to the red end. But the ultra-violet rays annoy them most of all, for when the light passed through a solution of bisulphide of carbon, which stops out the actinic rays beyond the violet they seemed to be about as well contented as if they were in red light. Their sense of smell is what apparently they go by most, and when a brush wet with patchouli was brought to them they laid back their antennae in ecstasy, as much as to say: "Oh, lovely!"

Well, it's hard to stop, but I suppose I must. There is so much to tell. A gently sad wistfulness comes over one to think how much there is that never can be told unless the human race shall some day rise, as it has risen from the plane of insect life, to an intellectual plane as high above our present one as that is high above the ants? It has been a pleasure to me to write about these wonderful little creatures; I trust it has been a pleasure to you to read about them. And yet, if that were all, I should sigh as any other mountebank sighs when he wipes off the grease paint and changes to his street clothes. I had hoped that through my fooling you might have seen how earnestly I felt that in this universe Man does not stand alone, the only thinking being, but that the lowliest form of life, yes, every grain of inorganic matter, throbs with intelligence. We are kin to every living thing. Body and soul we are kin. We are brother to the farthest star, built of the same stuff. Not in humbleness of spirit, but in boasting pride can we say that we are made of the dust of the earth. How magnificent that dust!

THE MATTER OF SWEENEY

A STORY OF THE THIRD DEGREE

BY ROBERT E. MACALARNEY

THIS is the Golden Rule that sways Mulberry Street: "When a crime is committed, catch the criminal—if you can. But if you can't, catch some one else, and make him stand for it." And no preaching of ethics can get behind that—in Mulberry Street. Long ago, when the Rogues' Gallery was in its infancy, and when the double card system—one full face without headgear, and one profile with the hat on—with half the metric system on the back, was unknown; when there was no Chief of Detectives on the Block, but a Chief of Police, and a Chief of Detectives rolled into one, this was decided upon.

The tall man with the white mustache, who held the crooks of the great city at his fingers' ends, had learned that in criminal things, the chief end of justice is to satisfy the public. Appease the city conscience at

large by producing a perpetrator for every outrage against law and order, and the public conscience will in time cultivate habitual torpidity. It will also cease to be inquiring—and hence troublesome.

It was best to catch the criminal red-handed. It looked better. But there was the Third Degree in all its perfection even then; and the red could be put on thickly, if necessary, between the time the prisoner walked into Police Headquarters between two detectives, with a normally healthy body—granted, if sociologists be true, a diseased mind—and the other day, when he was led tottering to the Tombs, cruelly stamped with the headquarters' hall mark, the shred of a mind left his own, capable of producing only one sensation—terror.

"They come around all right by trial time," said the Superintendent. "St. Vin-

cent's is handy when they're here. And the ambulance sawbones know their business. No leaky mouthed ones among 'em. They've got to stand in with the police, and they know it. Why, I've seen 'em put a man together in a quarter of an hour that I thought was broke to pieces after he'd taken the Third. And a Lexow Committee couldn't have told any more than that a cop had used his night stick a bit on his way to the station house."

This was in the old days, you know—a decade ago, if you please. And yet, the man who could to-day write the real stories of that dirty white pile of stone in Mulberry Street, would—— But, there are worse things.

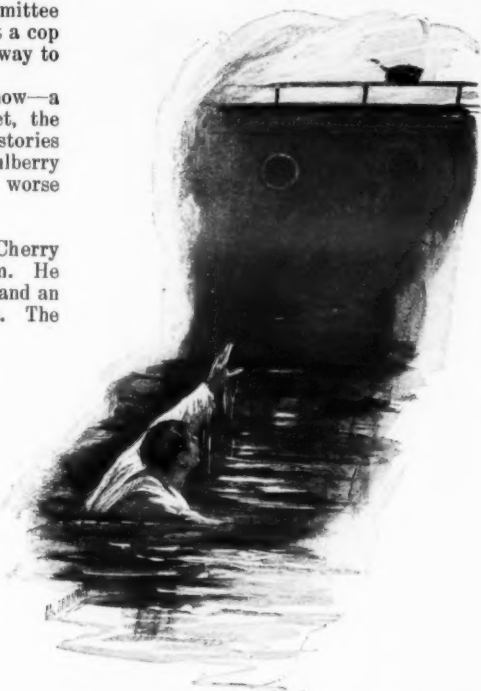
Mike Gilligan had not grown. Cherry Street and the "Block" had made him. He was turning twenty, with red cheeks and an unexpectedly clean look in his eyes. The clean-looking eye is scarce in Cherry Street, and Mike had grown up there, swimming like a wharf rat off the docks in the East River, near where the piles of the Brooklyn Bridge stride out into the brown water, thick hung with smells. Many a time Mike's toes had touched some unpleasant, oozy soft thing. Then there had been the splashing race back to the Jackson Street dock, to be the first to tell the cop on post that another "floater" had been carried in to wait for the jolting dead wagon and the Morgue.

"I wasn't no mark, even then," said Mike, when he fell to retrospect now and again. "A kid that lives along the river and don't know that Jackson Street gits most of the river stiffs, ain't no good. You see, the wash from Buttermilk down to the Bridge swings 'em over, an' they anchors like until they's found. The women always floats face up an' flat. But the men comes in like they was walkin' an' treadin' water with their mugs half covered. Jeff Morrell, up at the Morgue, can tell to a day how long they's been soakin'. I c'd never git it down that fine." Mike said this almost apologetically.

He was slip boy for the "flimsy" office on the Block, and carried suicide and fire slips from the box in the basement across the street. After telephoning them to his office he entered them carefully upon his ledger, with the time of posting. Mike's slip book

was a marvel of neatness and accuracy, and we all had resort to it.

He was an accommodating lad. If the Block poker game was a shade more seductive than usual, and the telephone bells had jingled questioningly about some uncovered



"... he leaks out with a yell, 'Pussy, Pussy,' that cud have been heard over in Brooklyn."

story, Mike would cheerfully falsify the time entry on his book. And as the "flimsy" book is the Cæsar to whom all city editors appeal in time of suspicion, the Block was tranquil and the poker game went on undisturbed.

It was while sitting one evening with his legs twisted about the iron railing that hedged the basement entrance to the Associated Press office that Mike told me this.

A tall man, with white, military mustache, came slowly down the steps of headquarters, and the green-hued light from the vestibule gas lamps, showed us his face for a moment. It was a face with a singularly powerful development of nose and chin.

"That's him," said Mike.

"Who's him?" said I, wonderingly, and following the line of Mike's gaze. The man with the military mustache had moved south, and was turning into Houston Street toward the Bowery.

"The old man, of course. He went out



"An' they gets Sweeney."

two years ago, when they shook up the force."

I fancied there was a tinge of scorn in Mike's words for my pitiful ignorance—I was not many months upon the Block.

"He's laid by the sugar all right, all right, an' then he gits his pension reg'lar, so he don't have to go back to poundin' the side blocks f'r a livin'."

Another artless inquiry upon my part, and Mike was launched fairly.

"It was always gran'stand with the old man," he said. "Gran'stand an' nothin' else. But the city got good out of his bokay throwin' in the long run, so they ain't got no kick comin'. He'd the whole dam buildin' under him them days, cops and plain clothesies, an' he didn't let them git fat loafin' at that.

"They used to have few *detectives* them days. They'd smell their way through a murder an' pinch their man at the end without makin' no bad break to give the snap away too soon. Nowadays we've only got hamfooted cops in citizen's clothes. You kin hear their feet fall a block away; an' they've all of 'em got the cop piano leg an' derrick shoulders, that might as well be an electric bell an' a red lantern to warn crooks to git. They pick up a bank sneak onct in a while on a railroad train from Boston, if the dam fool is fool enough to come to New York—an' sometimes he is. An' they kin take a ferryboat across the river to Jersey City an' not git lost gittin' to Taylor's Hotel. They c'n even clap the bracelets on a gold brick shover if he's pointed out to 'em. But they lets the papers run down the real big myst'ries for 'em.

"Y'see, me an' Trilby, the Block dog over there, have been here longer than any of the reportin' gang. Some of the old men I knowed is city editors themselves, now, an' they raise hell with their headquarters men just like they used to git hell raised with themselves before."

The fire alarm gong in the basement struck faintly through the slip box window to us. "Two—two—six," said Mike, softly, scribbling the figures on the pad of copy paper he held in his hands. "That's Stanton and Attorney. No good unless we git a second on it. Saturday—synagogue day—we'd cover that on the jump. There's all kinds of stories in an East Side one alarm on a Saturday."

We could hear 12 Engine go clanging east through Prince Street to the Bowery. She had swung out from her house in Marion Street and was gone with a quick flash of bright polished metal and a whiff of smoke from the newly lighted coke.

"They made it quick," said Mike, judicially. Then as if it was an afterthought, "That was Sweeney's company—12."

I had not heard Mike speak of Sweeney before, and said so.

"Sweeney used to b'long to 12 Engine," said Mike. "He wore a black straw hat with his engine number on, when he was off duty, an' when goin' to his meals. An' he had a gal, that lived in a second story flat on Third Street with her mother an' father. This was before he went to the bad; an' when Sweeney began to shoot the chutes he was first slop into the basin ev'ry time. The quiet, decent kind always gits

the biggest move on when you onct git 'em goin'.

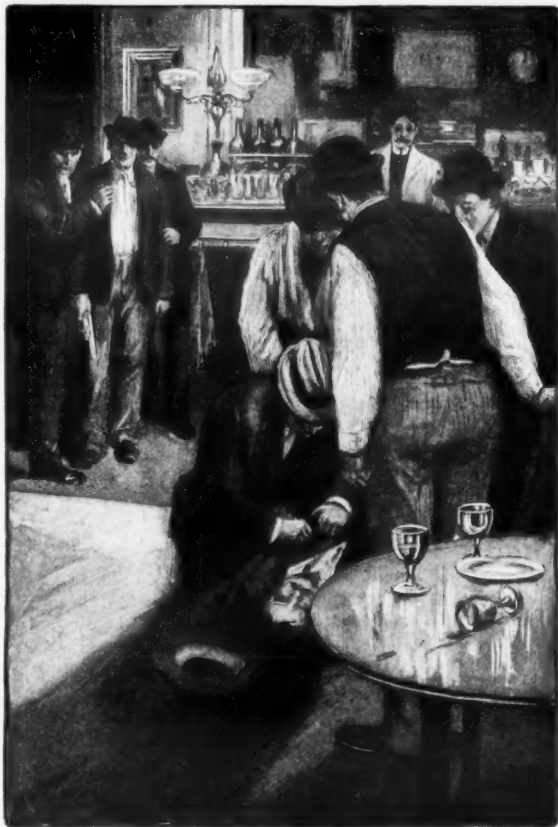
"It was the same old thing. Sweeney didn't even have the fun of knowin' that the devil used a new holt to throw him. His gal went back on him, as gals keep on doin', an' married a sheeny fire adjuster with a diamond horseshoe in his necktie, an' a wagon with red wheels that he used to push through the Park on Sundays. An' that threw Sweeney's baseboards clean off the rails.

"There was a lodgin' house fire on the Bowery early one mornin'—seven hoboes an' a one-legged shoestring peddler went up in smoke, an' no one to give out rain checks f'r 'em, or chuck tin wreaths at their wooden overcoats, at that. But when No. 12 was needin' ladder men the worst sort o' way Sweeney was among the missin'. They give him six weeks' lay off f'r that, an' he got caught onct more a couple of months after, on a three alarm f'r a burnin' steamer, cram full of case oil an' naphtha an' other touchy stuff. If it hadn't been a three alarmer Sweeney'd have been all right—he was sleepin' off a half skate—f'r 12 wouldn't have been called down as far as Old Slip.

"The chief was cursin' steady as a water tower—it was a nasty fire to git at anyway—an' the rest of 'em knew Sweeney was in f'r it this time sure enough. The case oil was agoin' fine, an' the naphtha playin' it was Bessemer steel converters explodin' themselves; an' the old *New Yorker* was sloppin' off beyond shootin' creeks of good soupy East River water into her, when Sweeney come ploughin' through the fire lines, his coat off an' his face full of booze.

"He grabbed a nozzle end, an' the chief saw him, but was too busy cursin' things in

general to give him proper attention. The burnin' case oil was beginnin' to float around on top of the water an' play tag with some coal barges an' a tug or two. An' all at onct in the thick of it there came a long wailin' screech from the floatin' hell out there, an' the mate of the craft, who was watchin' a good ship bein' turned into rusty



"When they grabbed him, there wasn't a bit of lead left in the smokin' pistol."

scrap iron, yells, 'God, that's the cat! We forgot to take him off.'

"An' it was the cat, sure thing. He was standin' in plain sight in the back o' the boat, where the fire hadn't touched—a big Angora tiger. I could almost hear him spittin' at the splatterin' case oil.

"Sweeney give one look, an' then he yelled, 'Grab her tight,' to the other nozzle-

man, an' made a jump f'r the dock side. But the hose end was too strong f'r one man, an' the brass bowled the man at the nozzle over an' soaked 12's captain so full of dirty water that he couldn't curse f'r a full minute. An' by the time it takes to tell it, Sweeney was swimmin' out to the blazin' pile of scrap, dodgin' case oil fireworks that looked as if they was lashed to life-preservers.

"Did you ever eat Floatin' Island over at Lyons'?" Mike asked, with sudden interest. I confessed that I had partaken of that dainty.

"Well, that's what the scrap of water between Sweeney an' the steamer looked like. An' Sweeney was dodgin' the islands. It sounds like a 'pipe,' I know, but it's true. It was an awful sight, an' we was all watchin' it without a word. Every one knew that if Sweeney got out of this scrape, he was in f'r a hell raisin' again with the old man, an' one was as bad as the other.

"It wasn't far to the steamer—she'd been layin' close when the hold begin to smoke, an' the cables was still holdin'. The cat was standin', his tail as big as Jeffries' arm, an' spittin' strong an' steady, an' Sweeney was swimmin' as cool as if he was in the Produce Exchange tank, with salt water bein' pumped in to him, an' case oil barred. An' when he gits back, as near as the fireworks would let him, he leaks out with a yell, 'Pussy, Pussy,' that c'd have been heard over in Brooklyn. An' I'm a liar if that animal didn't stand thinkin' f'r a moment, an' then light out over the rail. She strikes the water near Sweeney's shoulder, an' he gives her a lift, an' they haul 'em both out at the dock end with a scalin' ladder from Truck 15.

"Sweeney was drunk or he wouldn't have done it. But, all the same, the yellows made a bloody hero out of him the next morning. But the Commissioner fired him 'f'r continual drunkenness.' When he got out of the House of Relief three weeks after with some bandages still around the places where the fireworks had got him, he found he was on the turf f'r fair, and they'd took away his straw hat an' his badge.

"He was up against it, an' after thinkin' it all over he took the easiest way out. It don't take long when you git a good start. Sweeney'd been an Al fireman, barrin' the booze, but he hadn't the makin' of a good crook. When he was cut loose from 12, he was like a fish out of water, an' then his sugar give out. He got to hangin' round

West Side saloons waitin' to be asked up to the bar, an' he got in with a gang of small bit men.

"The first job he done was a cheap one—a gin mill cash register on Seventh Avenue, not far from where he got his own red eye. They put him on the corner to whistle a chunk of ragtime if a cop showed up anywhere near. But there wasn't a blue uniform in sight—the man on post was sleepin' off the last tour. Sweeney got a tenspot f'r his share. It was all so easy an' nach'ral that he guessed he'd stay in the business.

"You know how them things ends. The precinct gits called down by headquarters f'r a lot of small housebreakin's. An' headquarters puts two Central Office men with a wardman an' a stool pigeon that's always ready to blow his head away, on the watch. An' they gits Sweeney. They didn't git the others. They was too fly an' left Sweeney standin' still to git snatched, like a skate in the Brooklyn Handicap. The plain clothesies didn't care how many got away. All they wanted was one of the gang to do the standin' for it. An' they got Sweeney. An' he stood f'r somethin' like three years with his good conduct time taken off. Sweeney was a good convict. He was waitin' to git out an' push the faces of the gang that played him for a sucker. So he wanted every day he could git clipped.

"When he was up before the judge f'r sentence, his lawyer—some kid jest out o' college, the court had been kind enough to give him f'r nothin'—made a play f'r reduced sentence and the mercy of the court an' all that. He wasn't half way through with it when Sweeney gits up an' stops him.

"'Choke it,' he says. 'This ain't no bloody gran'stand.' Then he turns to the judge an' says, 'Yer honor, I don't mean no disrespect to the court. But I've been a damned bad fireman, an' a damned sight worse crook. An' I kinder have the idea that I'd make a bang-up stripey. I need the vacation f'r my moril welfare.' Then he sat down, an' the court room laughs.

"But the judge made it three years instead of five, an' I've always had the sneakin' feelin' that Sweeney was makin' a gran'stand play himself, an' knew it was goin' to go, too. When he did git into the train at Sing Sing on the trip back, in a new suit of store rags, an' some sugar he'd made peggin' away at prison shoes, he was achin' to have a run f'r his money. You git a kind a appetite f'r things after a three

years' lay off. I don't believe he'd have had it as soon as he did, though, if it hadn't been f'r a streak of bad luck. An' the streak came the first crack out of the box. He hadn't no more than got out of the smoker at the Gran' Central than he runs into Brady of the Central Office, one of the stiffes that had helped do the pinch on him.

"So yer back ag'in, Sweeney? Back from yer vacation at Sing Sing?" Brady bawls out.

"He opens his face loud enough f'r the whole shed to hear — anyway, it seemed that way to Sweeney — an' people looks around an' sees his new rags an' his hair clip an' the whitewash cell color in his face. An' it come to him all of a sudden as it comes to all of 'em after their first trip up the river, that you ain't through with Sing Sing when your time is out. Mulberry Street has strings tied to you f'r life.

"He knocked around f'r a time, drinkin' a bit, but keepin' fairly sober. He got a job handlin' carbons in a Forty-second Street pool room, an' onct in a while he'd play a good thing himself an' win out on it. But ev'ry month or two a Central Office guy'd come inside an' throw a scare into him. Brady was detailed on the West Side to keep screws on the leather gitters an' their chippy pals, that hung around Eighth Avenue, an' he seemed to git all sorts of sport out of baitin' Sweeney. He pinched him

twice f'r bein' mixed up in small jobs, but the magistrate let him go in Jefferson Market after he'd spent the night in headquarters cells. They couldn't prove nothin' on him. An' I know that Sweeney was straight them days.



"It might have been a man, but you couldn't see nothin' but bandages."

Brady made him lose job after job by showin' him up f'r a convict in front of his boss. An' he had to change his boardin' an' grubbin' place because even the kids called him 'Sing Sing Sweeney.' They'd seen Brady haul him off an' out of bed one night to be locked up in Mulberry Street f'r nothin'.

"It made him drink ag'in like a fish, an' he got the ugly look in his eye. One afternoon he went up to Central Park an' sat on a bench near the drive watchin' the carriages. Comin' along with the rest of the rigs he seen a road wagon with red wheels. In it was the gal wot throwed him

over—he'd never seen her since—an' the sheeny fire adjuster. Between 'em was a kid with yellow hair that Sweeney c'd see was the picture of the gal. They didn't see him. They wouldn't have known him if they had.

"Sweeney went down town to Sullivan's bar at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, with the top of his head tryin' to break off with thinkin' of things. An' he was drinkin', drinkin' all the rest of the day an' night. Along about eleven that night Brady of the Central Office comes in an' gits a high ball free from Sullivan him-

self. Sweeney was at the other end of the bar, but Brady sees him.

"Come here, Sweeney, I want you," he sings out. He'd been drinkin', too.

"The whole bar wheeled around from its booze an' stood lookin' on.

"Sweeney walks over to him, an' if Brady hadn't been half drunk he'd have seen by his look that somethin' was comin'.

"F'r God's sake, Jim Brady, leave me alone," he says. 'I've seen things this day, an' I'm tryin' to fergit them.'

"Fergit nothin'," says Brady. 'You'll have your old lodgin's at the Hotel de Sing Sing before long. I want you f'r that pawnshop bit in Fourteenth Street.'

"It could have been done quiet. But Brady had the Mulberry Street way, an' he was touched with the drinkin'.

"D'ye mean it?" said Sweeney, his eyes blazin'.

"I mean it all right," says Brady. The dam fool must have been blind.

"Everything must have come back into Sweeney's head at onct—the old days on No. 12, the gal with the yellow hair, an' Brady's houndin'. He did things quiet enough. He had a pistol out an' was pointin' it at Brady. An' while the men looked on and didn't dare to mix in, he says, 'God curse you, Jim Brady. You've hounded me day an' night ever since I done my bit. You've ruined my jobs an' made a bum out of me. There ain't no chance f'r a man that's onct been sent away. You've been tryin' to do me, an' now, by God, I'll do for you.'

"An' he did. When they grabbed him there wasn't a bit of lead left in the smokin' pistol, an' Brady was on the floor in a whisky puddle, dead as a duck. Sweeney was standin' there smilin'.

"They took him to the precinct first an' then to headquarters. I was there when they took him out of the wagon into the Mott Street side. He was shakin' like a leaf. He must have knowed what was next.

"I was chasin' over with a suicide slip a little after one, when I heard an awful screech like some woman bein' hurt. I thought it was some Houston Street panhandler soakin' his wife in one of the tenements around the corner. But in a second I knowed it wasn't no woman's scream after all, but a man's. An' it came right out of the dark hall across the street.

"In a minute I knowed what was up. I ran downstairs an' found Hilson, our night man.

"They're killin' Sweeney acrost the way," I yelled. An' all the time the screams was a-follerin' me. An' when we come out agin', the whole Block was in front of their offices, listenin'. The cries was awful. Sometimes they'd stop halfway, as if somethin' had smothered 'em. An' it went on that way f'r an hour off an' on. Then we heard an' ambulance from St. Vincent's comin' up Bleecker Street. It didn't turn into Mulberry, an' we all ran around to Mott. Out of the basement door ten minutes later, they carried somethin'. It might have been a man, but you couldn't see nothin' but bandages. There was blood on some of 'em. You couldn't hear a groan. A detective gits into the ambulance laughin' when he sees us standin' around. 'Come on, doc,' he says to the surgeon, an' they rattles off to the hospital.

"I never knowed just how they done it till after. They had him in the gallery room, an' the white mustached old devil led off. When they brought up Sweeney from the cells, he got the first crack. 'That's f'r Brady,' he grins, as Sweeney went down, an' the rest of 'em took their turns jumpin' on him an' tryin' to dig out his eyes with their boot heels.

"He was tied up with the bracelets an' he couldn't put up no fight at all. Sweeney had killed a Central Office man an' the Central Office was gittin' even.

"It was the way they handled him that kept him from goin' to the chair. He was over at St. Vincent's two months before they took him down to the Tombs. His lawyer got onto things an' would have squealed if Mulberry Street hadn't agreed to let it go at manslaughter. They fixed it up with the District Attorney's office. Sweeney croaked up at Sing Sing the year after they put him there. His insides was all tied in knots from that night in headquarters, an' he couldn't eat anything."

Mike rolled a cigarette with one yellow stained hand. Then he looked up at me, and there was honest perplexity in his eyes.

"Y'see, Sweeney wasn't to blame, an' neither was Brady, f'r that matter. They was only deuces in the game. It's the rotten system they plays over in that buildin'. It's Mulberry Street that finds crooks, an' then fixes it so they'll stay crooks f'r keeps."

A hail from the slip box came across the quiet asphalt. Mike slid off the iron railing. "There's somethin' acrost the street," he said, and was gone.



Photo copyright, 1901, by Burr McIntosh.

Julia Marlowe at Her Country Home in the Catskills.

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE



Baker photo.

Louise Mackintosh.

The Lafayette Square Stock Company, Washington.

THE season of the theatre 1901-1902, about to be opened, does not give promise of any striking novelty. The London stage has not produced plays of the first dramatic order, and consequently we shall have to depend almost entirely on home playmakers. We shall have a good supply of dramatizations of popular novels together with several made-over versions of successful plays. James K. Hackett and William Faversham both present "Don Cesar de Bezan" in such form. Most original efforts of authors seem to have been made in the kin fields of farce and musical comedy. Still, there is signal promise in the fact that the new season excites expectation so little. We may be favored with some excellent surprises.

Regardless of what the unexpected may bring forth, certain anæmic symptoms are unmistakable in the serious drama of Eng-

lish-speaking people. On the other side they have become wrought up about this condition. Here we are accustomed to cast all reproaches at the head of the commercial manager; over there they blame the actor and the upholsterer. They declare that the functions of the dramatist have been usurped by the popular actor and the stage manager, who counts on real horses and real water to make the audience believe in the artistic truth of a scene.

"The drama is made up of three elements," says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "the play, the actors, the scenic ornament; and the presentation is only perfect when the three elements are harmoniously composed. The play, of course, comes first, being the one and only excuse for the theatre. Actors and the scene are but a means—the best available—of expressing a writer's meaning. If only we could perfect the mechanism of marionettes, the theatre were easily reformed; but the awkwardness of puppets compels us to accept the existing materials. A brief retrospect will show that when the theatre commanded an intelligent admiration, the poet was an omnipo-



Chickering photo.

George Forbes.

With Annie Russell in "A Royal Family."



Price photo.

Gertrude Rennyson.

Prima Donna Castle Square Opera Company.

tent and unquestioned master. The simple decoration of the Greek stage was ordained by a holy tradition. The actors, whose heads were hidden in conventional masks, and whose feet were propped on clumsy pattens, could neither ogle nor strut. They were neither discussed nor advertised. Nobody knew their names or cared about their visages. Their business was to speak clearly and simply the lines entrusted to them by the author, whose supremacy was undisputed. So, too, the actors who entertained the Romans . . . were commonly slaves or persons of no account. . . . And when the



Gilbert & Bacon photo.

Jennie Hawley.

Contralto in "Miss Bob White."

drama was revived after centuries of oblivion, the simple fashion still prevailed. The splendor of Shakespeare depended no more upon the mouthing of an actor than upon the ingenuity of a stage carpenter. . . . Yet soon after Shakespeare's day the actor and scene-shifter began to raise their heads. Inigo Jones adorned the masques of Ben Jonson with cumbrous machines, and the Restoration insured the ultimate ruin of the stage. . . . The poet, eclipsed by the actor, the carpenter and the musician, saw his supremacy threatened. The less a limb is used, the weaker it becomes, and when once it was discovered that the actor might be a match for the arrogant poet, the poet began

to understand that the stage was not for him. He declined the unequal combat, and appealed not to the theatre, but to the study."

This makes one think of the great plays that might have been written by Thackeray, Dickens, Hardy and Meredith. It makes one

has lifted him to this new plane. As long as the shrewd dramatist kept gargoyle-like masks on his players there was no danger of matinée idols. Imagine John Drew or Maude Adams playing in a mask! But ever since Charles—that most historical of "Johnnies"—pursued Nell Gwyn, who was not a great



Photo copyright, 1901, by Burr McIntosh.

Annie Russell at Great Neck, Long Island.

think also of the great novels we might have missed.

Unquestionably the actor has risen in the world's esteem. Formerly he lacked even the sentimental attractiveness of an honest laborer; to-day he enjoys the distinctions of a gentleman even when not dowered with them by birth or breeding. And the world

actress, the people of the stage have been the spoiled children of the world.

The author of the play is of no interest to the average auditor. How many people can recall the name of the author of "Lord and Lady Algy" compared to the number that have doted over Faversham in that comedy? Who knows anything about Robert



Schloss photo.

Ethel Du Fre.

Contralto in Castle Square Opera Company.

Marshall, the man that wrote "A Royal Family"? And as for Clyde Fitch, when he had four plays running at one time in New York, all the papers could deliver of interest about him was hysterical gush at the indescribable luxury of the house built from the profits of his plays. And Pinero, the dramatist whose work has attracted the notice of all European and American critics. How obscure a man is he? Not long ago a certain



Moore photo.

Stephen Wright.

Supporting Bertha Gailand, in "The Forest Lovers."

senator, of national fame, attended a performance of "The Magistrate." The comedy amused him a little, and as the curtain was let down on the second act the senator looked up the name of the playwright on his programme. Then he turned to his companion and inquired quietly:

"Who is this man Pinero?"

It is not wonderful that the public is unfamiliar with the author of a play. On the programme he receives only a mite of atten-



Morrison photo.

Ceceylle Mayer.

TIRZAH, in "Ben-Hur."

tion more than the capable people billed as "servants, guests and others." On the lithographs his name is inferior in size and prominence to the names of manager and star. Finally if he uses the press agent at all, he does not use him with the scientific constancy employed by both manager and actor.

The fascination of the public for actors and actresses to-day has as much natural vigor as ever; but it is highly intensified by the most studious cultivation. The public is



Schloss photo.

Sandol Milliken.

In the Musical Comedy, "The Liberty Belles."

always kept informed of the whereabouts and the doings of a star. If the star buys an automobile or if he is marched in to shake hands with the President we read of it in the paper. If the woman star, about to appear in a Russian play, goes to Europe we expect to learn that she is bound for the realm of the White Czar in order to store herself with local color. Such is the active form of holding an actor in full view of the people. A subtler craft, provided you have an actor or actress in whom the public is known to be interested, is to make a great mystery over every movement. If the woman is going to sail for Havre, let perfect silence prevail, omit her name from the passenger list, and do all that is possible to guard the departure as a strict secret. Don't let any more than eight people know it. That's a sure way to excite feverish attention and secure half a column of newspaper notice without having betrayed the smallest wish for it.

It is quite natural, of course, when an actor has attained to a certain celebrity, and public interest in him is keen, that he should do his very best to dodge publicity. He takes refuge under a tree to avoid lightning. As a matter of fact, if the actor were to be lavish of himself at this period the public would soon be surfeited of him. No matter how bad actors and

actresses may be by the standards of art, they are all acutely sensitive to the receptivity of the public. A great many people in the profession devote themselves so strenuously to the art of understanding the public that little time and energy remain with which to acquire proficiency as actors. But that is the general sin of the epoch—over-advertising. If Shakespeare himself alighted on this planet for a limited engagement only, we may be sure that even he would be over-advertised. So if actors are sometimes ridiculous in their ways of self-



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Mary Mannering at Her Summer Cottage.

exploitation, we should not condemn them too much. They are less ridiculous than the foppish shoemaker or the drug clerk that plasters his homely phiz on the useful article of his production which is being marketed. But we are much more resentful of the actor's vanity and it is because we are really so attached to him. The shoemaker or the drug clerk who is gaining a fortune by a lucky invention has no romantic interest for us. He's the same as any other shoemaker or drug clerk, only he has more money. But an actor or an actress! All men, even the most prosaic, have hero-worshipped at this shrine some time in their lives. Among women the devotion is more enduring. They keep it up, like the forms of religion, long after men have abandoned it for more profitable enthusiasms. They do not care what play Maude Adams may appear in. They vow she's the sweetest little woman in the whole world. They have heard their mothers and aunts grow ecstatic in recalling the charm and the power of Clara Morris, but they know Clara Morris never could compare with Maude Adams. If they could see they would understand that their appreciation of a favorite actor or actress is divided equally between impressions received at performances and



William Bonelli.
Starring in "An American Gentleman."

impressions that have been made by hundreds of photographs and innumerable press notices. There are women that collect stories and photographs of Sarah Bernhardt, who will tell you she is the most enchanting actress ever created, who have hung around a hotel entrance to see Sarah enter her coach, who would sacrifice a spring hat for the sake of meeting her, and yet these same women will let you know in confidence that they have never really enjoyed Bernhardt except in "Camille." It is not that

their critical perceptions have pointed out this preference. It is partly that "Camille" is the only play in the repertory that they thoroughly understand and principally that Sarah is their fetic. The world will worship actors and actresses, and this passion does harm to many players, though it harms the world but little. It makes actors lazy, it gives them no spur to development; and as long as the success of a play depends so much on the actor and the public is more devoted to the legendary personality of the actor than alive to his work, why the playwright may as well make up his mind to grin and bear with the stage carpenter's intellectual eminence. Meanwhile, dramatists shape themselves into novelists. And the world goes along pretty well at that.



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